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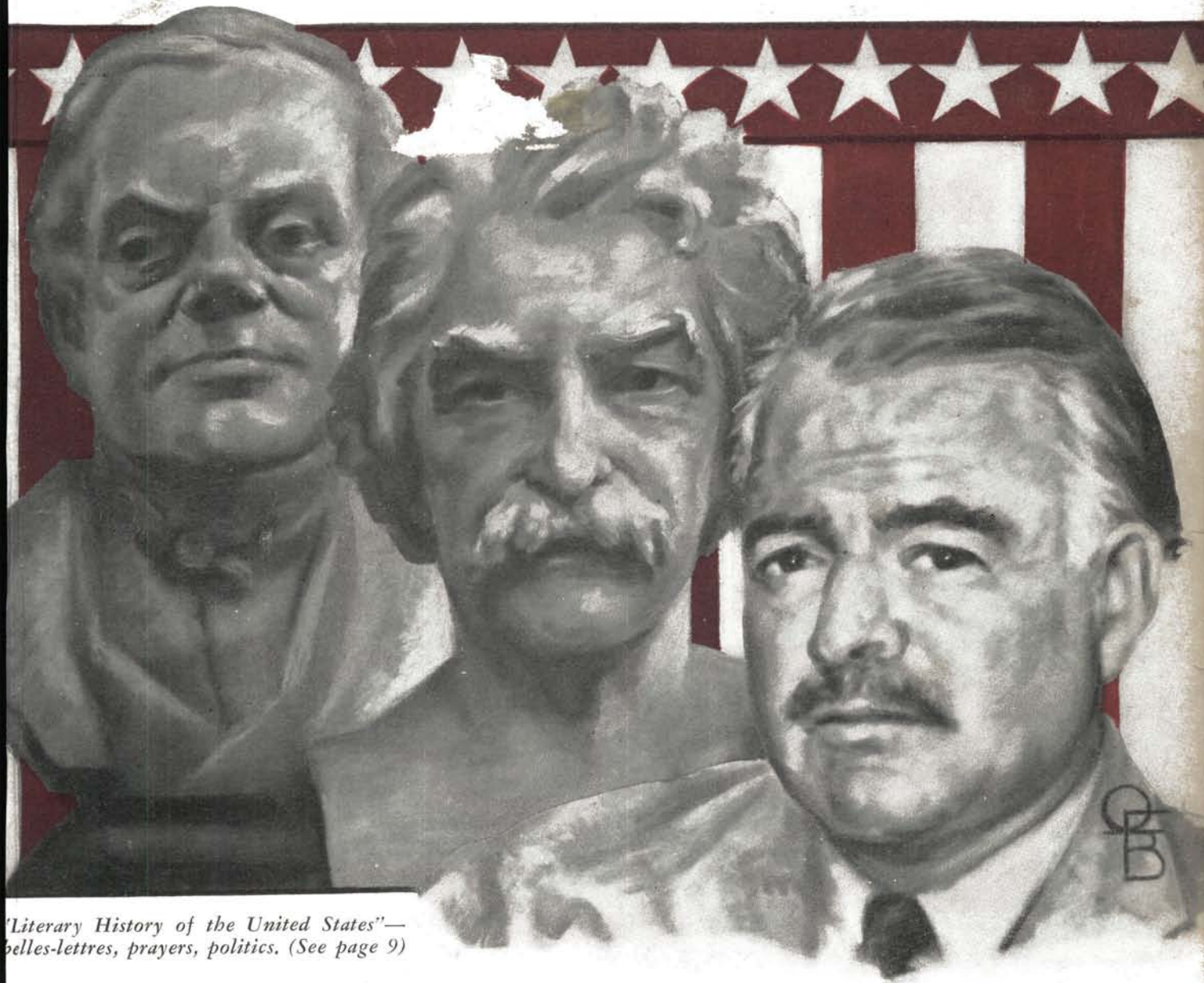

"Literary History of the United States"—belles-lettres, prayers, politics. *(See page 9)*

En Route to a Legend

Two Interpretations of Thomas Wolfe

1. By EDWARD C. ASWELL | 2. By JOHN SKALLY TERRY

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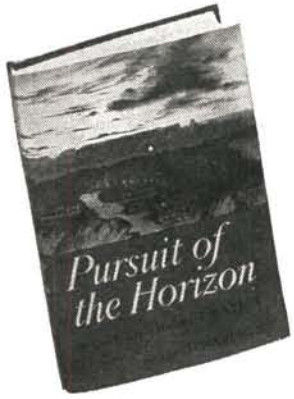

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This Week

November 27, 1948

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TRADE Winds

LEGENDS ABOUT James J. Walker were born forty years ago but they're still going strong. Gene Fowler has corralled the lustiest of them for a book due early in 1949 which should outsell his biographies of Barrymore and Fallon combined. The working title, "Jimmy Walker: The Time of His Life," strikes Viking as too pallid, however, and a prize is offered for one more colorful. How about "Shoe the Wild Mayor"?

Fowler took time out from his researches to beat the drum for William Faulkner's "Intruder in the Dust," and to pass on a hitherto untold chapter from Bill's fabulous saga in Hollywood:

"Mr. Faulkner invited me one day to go pig-shooting on an island off the coast of Southern California. If you think he is slow-spoken, shy, and withdrawn from society, you should hear him grow garrulous about the shooting of wild pigs!

"I couldn't make it, so Mr. Faulkner, armed with a sawed-off fowling piece, and with a kind of Sherlock Holmes deerstalker's hat pulled down on his head, set out alone at dawn from his quarters at the swanky Beverly Hills Hotel. Afterwards that same day a bandit entered the lobby of the hotel, held up the guests, and shot the clerk. That evening, Mr. Faulkner, now looking a bit like Rip Van Winkle (without the beard, and his fowling-piece not quite so rusty) returned to the hotel from his pig-shoot.

"As the huntsman went to the desk and asked gently for his room-key, the night clerk ducked below desk-level, and the more athletic guests leaped behind potted plants and Goldwyn girls for sanctuary. Others raised their hands and trembled. Mr. Faulkner viewed this scene with the same quiet disinterest with which he looks upon critics. It was perhaps half a minute before the clerk and the guests realized that the bloodthirsty bandit of earlier in the day had not returned to the scene of the crime." . . .

TASS, the telegraph agency of the USSR, sent Random House a review of Truman Capote's "Other Voices, Other Rooms," that appeared in the *Moscow Literary Gazette.* An underlined paragraph read:

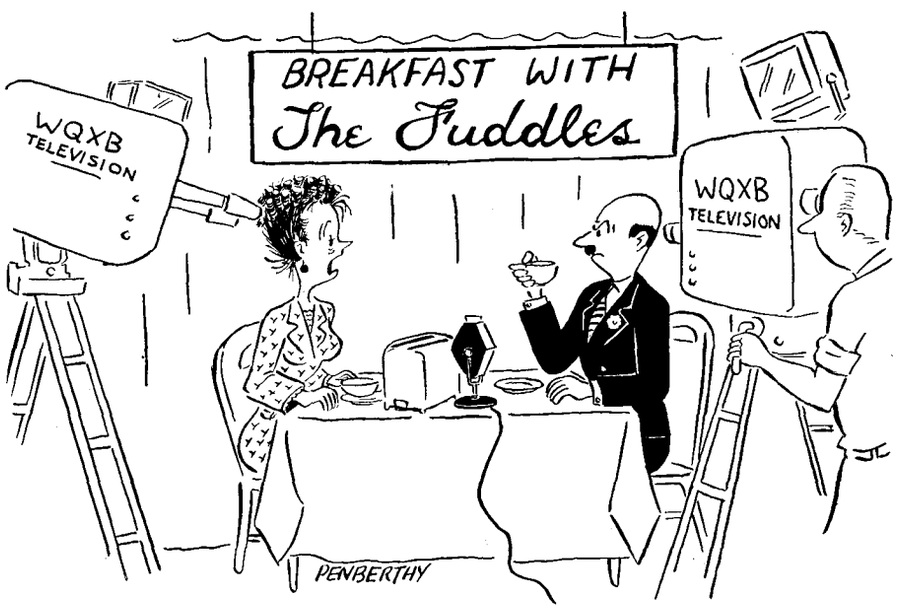
Пока что Капот осчастливил своих восторженных читателей и почитателей сборником рассказов и романом «Другие голоса, другие комнаты». Этот роман, сплошь населенный дегенератами и пропитанный насквозь тлетворным «ароматом» самого подлинного вырождения, и вызвал у американской буржуазной критики бурный приступ самых неистовых восторгов. Да и как можно, в самом деле, не восторгаться книгой, в которой тремя главными действующими лицами являются: беспомощный паралитик-сумасшедший, его жена—кретинка и дядя, упоенно характеризуемый критикой как «дегенеративный эстет».

Sorely baffled, the provincial publishers turned for help to linguist Allan Ullman, student of Russian and Westbrook Pegler, who translated the paragraph as follows:

> Warmonger Capote herein subtly advocates the dropping of an atom bomb on the Kremlin as a solution to the problem created by Soviet defensive measures now taking place in Berlin despite the blockade of that city by the Western Powers. Although ostensibly a story of the American South, a mere child would not be deceived by this bitter attack on the friendly efforts of the Soviet Union to bring peace, prosperity, and the politburo to the capitalist-ravaged world. Although the chief protagonist is an undernourished boy to whom the surroundings of adolescence appear in romantic distortion, it is plain that this is Capote's fiendish way of symbolizing the American youth-dream of world domination. It is no accident that Capote, whose white-Russian parents fled before the purifying flames of the Revolution, has taken for his given name that of Truman, arch-enemy of Soviet innocence. . . .

THE NEW ADDRESS of Jessyca Russell's *Writers Newsletter* is 639 East 11th Street, New York 9. This four-page bi-monthly publication gives detailed information of changing personnel in book, magazine, radio, and agents' offices, who has sold what to whom, and the kind of material various sources are seeking. It costs $9.50 a year, and is worth several times that to free-lance writers and editors. . . . Horace Marston's Cercle du Livre de France, the only French book club operating in America, now has over 6,000 members, about a third of whom live in Canada. Its selections have been excellent. Camus' "The Plague," for instance, was distributed months before it appeared in an English translation. Write to 55 West 45th Street, New York 19, if you are interested in further particulars. . . . The Baker Street Irregulars are readying a Sherlock Holmes item for Christmas distribution: a reprint of "The Blue Carbuncle" with a preface by Chris Morley and a bibliographical note by Edgar Smith. Price: $2.50. Distributor: Louis Greenfield, 45 East 17th Street, New York 3. . . . There will be a book auction on Monday evening, December 6, and Tuesday afternoon, December 7, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, for the benefit of Wellesley's 75th Anniversary Fund. Alumnae have contributed many choice items to the sale. . . .

H. T. WEBSTER stopped work on his new poker book long enough to do a wonderful cartoon of a jet plane zooming dangerously low over a thickly settled suburban area. A dazed onlooker explains to a friend, "There goes Grandma in the plane she won on a radio quiz last night." . . . A highlight of the waning football season



"Television! You might at least have warned me."

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came between halves of the Rutgers-Colgate game. The Rutgers band marched bravely across the field, dispersed in front of the Colgate cheering section, and spelled out the word IPANA. . . . Max Schuster denies the rumor that Herbert Bayard Swope wrote the chapter on punctuality in the new "Vogue Book of Etiquette." Mr. Schuster is also the gentleman who made a thorough inspection of a colleague's over-elaborate new suburban mansion and murmured at the conclusion of the tour, "Home is where you hang your architect." . . . In his autobiography, "For What We Have Received," the English writer Francis Toye tells of a schoolmaster he had at Winchester who enjoyed the reputation for the shortest reports to parents ever known. On one occasion he wrote of a certain boy, "Trying," which delighted the boy's parents until the next month's report came in. This one read, "Very trying." . . .

BOUND FOR AN all-day forum at Adelphi College in Garden City with stately, classics-minded Trustee Milo Sutliff, we ran into that superb golf star Craig Wood, who reminded me that I had played a definite part in his surge to the top. He was "pro" at the Hollywood Golf Club the summer when I decided to learn a few fundamentals of the game and signed up for a series of lessons. The first time out, Craig said, "Let's have a look at your swing. Make believe I'm not watching." I took a couple of shots with every club in my bag. Craig said nothing, but I thought I detected a gleam of sheer wonder in his eyes as we repaired to the locker room. After

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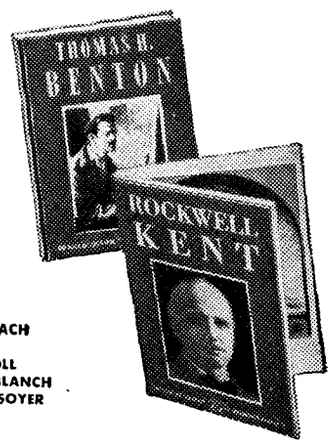

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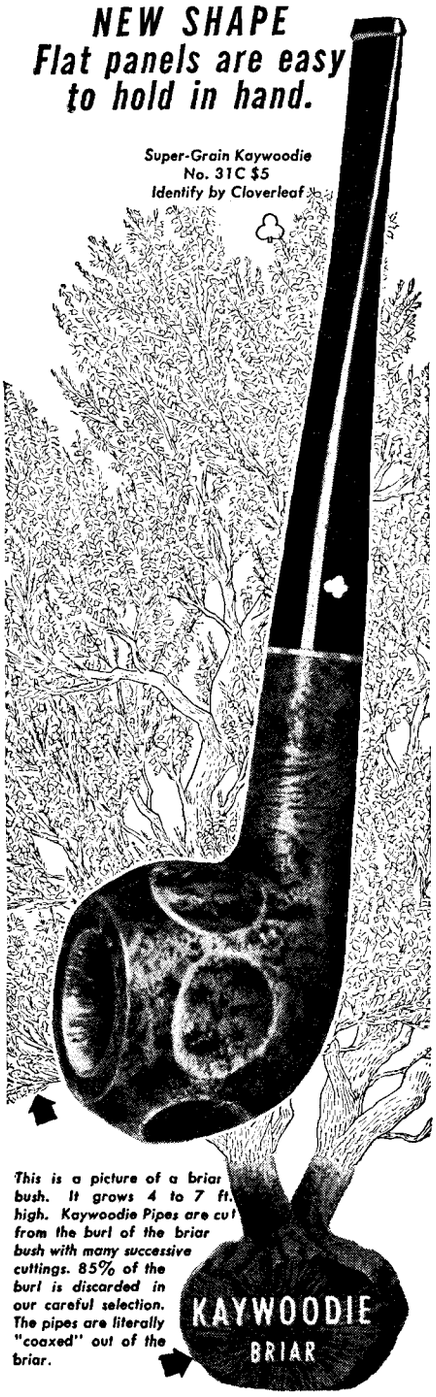

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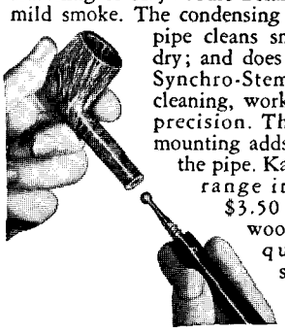

my third lesson, Craig put his cards on the table. "Bennett," he said, "the national open comes along in three weeks, and I've entered it. I want to beg you as a personal favor to stop taking lessons from me. *You're ruining my game.*" I stopped taking lessons, and Craig Wood won the championship. . . .

ON THE VERY morning Milo Sutliff and I drove to Garden City, Norman Cousins, *SRL* editor, was leaving his usual Norwalk train at Grand Central when he noticed a little old lady struggling with two heavy bags and a parrot cage. "Let me help you," he volunteered chivalrously, picked up the two bags (which he was barely able to lift), and tucked under his arm the cage, whose occupant glared at him malevolently. He had stumbled twenty or thirty paces down the platform when a redcap appeared. "Carry your bags?" he suggested. Cousins was about to surrender his burden when the old lady snapped, "I should say not. I consider that sort of thing an extravagance. After all," she added to Cousins, "I'm only going to the Vanderbilt."

Cousins just kept rollin' along.

—BENNETT CERF.

Commentator

By Melville Cane

THE dial's set; a Hoosier drawl
Emerges through the ether-wall;
The tone is dry and slightly nasal
The speaker launches his appraisal,
With salty tang and acid comment,
On men and issues of the moment.

Philosopher plus satirist
Plus cracker-barrel realist,
He turns the spotlight till it falls
On those in legislative halls,
Who, fat in their hypocrisy
Pretend to serve democracy.
The glib, the fake, the false, the phony
He tartly brands as strict bologny.

In racy, rich vernacular,
In accents unspectacular,
He knocks the stuffing out of shirts,
And socks the so'n-so's where it hurts.

He castigates all Pharisees,
And ventilates their heresies,
Especially that solecism
Which masquerades as Wallacism.

Uniquely native, here's a man
Quite simon-pure American,
Whose job is, simply, to dispense
A nightly dose of common sense;
Whose wit and wisdom rank him truly
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Assuredly a rara avis,
This Elmer Davis.

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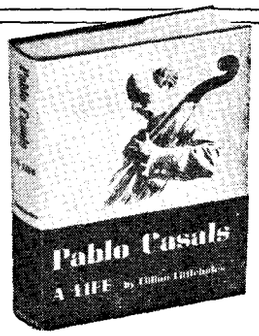

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The Saturday Review of Literature

En Route to a Legend

TWO INTERPRETATIONS OF THOMAS WOLFE

—*From the painting by Douglas Gorsline.*

"As author, Thomas Wolfe played God."

1. *By Edward C. Aswell*

IN THE fall of 1929, two extraordinary events occurred almost simultaneously. One was the crash of the stock market on October 24 which ushered in the Great Depression. The other was the publication, six days earlier, of a book by an unknown American writer named Thomas Wolfe. It was called "Look Homeward, Angel."

The two events were not related, yet in a strange way each shed light on the other. The depression represented the disillusionment of a nation, and "Look Homeward, Angel," some said, represented a corresponding disillusionment in its author. This comparison was false, and was based on a complete misunderstanding of what Thomas Wolfe had meant to do in writing the book. Nevertheless, many people saw it in that light; and in Asheville, North Carolina, Wolfe's home town, misconceptions were heightened by personal factors and a spate of gossip. Some of his former acquaintances read "Look Homeward, Angel" and were outraged. They felt he had betrayed his family, his friends, his town, the South; and they vented their feelings by denouncing him in bitter letters. One wrote that he was "a monster against life." Others threatened to ride him out of town on a rail if he ever came home again.

Looking back on that fantastic time of 1929, we can see clearly how things were then and why the first reactions to "Look Homeward, Angel" were less sympathetic than its author had expected. The boom years of the 1920's had been a period of crazy illusion on a nationwide scale. To untold millions the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow seemed almost within grasp. Then, suddenly, the dazzling mirage vanished, and people felt lost and afraid. It took several years for most of them to get their bearings and come down to earth again, and the return to sanity was accompanied by painful (*Continued on page* 34)

2. *By John Skally Terry*

WHEN Fate, in the person of Madeleine Boyd, the literary agent, brought Thomas Wolfe's manuscript of "Look Homeward, Angel" to Maxwell E. Perkins, editor of Charles Scribner's Sons, there began an association which will perhaps become as famous as that of Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell. Perkins was immediately enchanted by the book. He and his office staff read it avidly; all agreed as to its importance.

Perkins wrote to Wolfe in Europe, Wolfe hurried to New York, and the shaping of the manuscript for the press began. In a memorandum on Wolfe submitted by Perkins to the Harvard College Library, to accompany the William B. Wisdom collection of Wolfe's letters, bills, documents, notebooks, and manuscripts, Perkins explained, without ado, that he and Wolfe began "to work upon the book." He then told how, at the very beginning, in order to give the book unity, they agreed to cut out the opening scene first used—that which showed W. O. Gant and his brother, both then little boys in Pennsylvania, as they watched passing soldiers who were soon to take part in the Battle of Gettysburg. This cutting was done so that the book might begin with the memories of the character about whom the book was to revolve, Eugene Gant, rather than with the memories of the father. Perkins explained how this wonderful first scene was later woven most effectively in "Of Time and the River" into the memories of W. O. Gant as he lay dying in the hospital in Baltimore.

This work of shaping Wolfe's writing for publication at conferences between Wolfe and Perkins has led to false beliefs, some of them ridiculous. Therefore, some clarification is necessary.

According to Perkins the work they shared brought him some of the happiest hours he ever spent. The coop-

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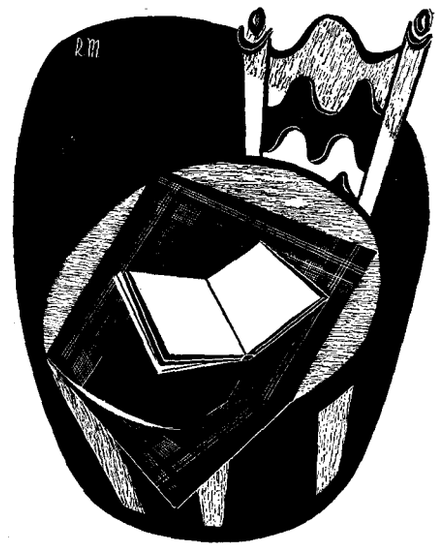
eration between author and editor continued from 1928 until 1935, when "Of Time and the River" was published. Wolfe then, in gratitude to Perkins, acknowledged his debt in one of the strangest and most moving tributes in literary history, "The Story of a Novel," issued in 1936. This book brought further confusion as to the part played by Perkins in preparing Wolfe's material, and led to the outcropping of innuendo and falsehood which had something to do with Wolfe's leaving Scribner's in 1938 and, before his last Western journey, turning over his eight-foot-high pile of manuscript of unpublished material to Edward C. Aswell, then editor of Harper & Brothers.

THE extent to which the Wolfe-Perkins efforts were, and still are, misunderstood, was illustrated in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for February 7. This issue carried an autobiographical bit written by Wolfe for Georges Schreiber. An accompanying illustration showed parts of two pages of the manuscript with interlinear corrections and deletions. A legend explained that the two pages were "a working example of the Maxwell Perkins—Thomas Wolfe editor-author relationship," and there were further explanations that this was the first published demonstration of how the two worked. One of the pages photographed was signed and dated by Wolfe in his own handwriting.

Perkins had let me use, in my work as the official biographer of Wolfe, a post to which he and the Wolfe family appointed me, the whole mass of personal material left by Wolfe and now in the Harvard College Library. Since I went over all of this material most carefully and recorded what I would need, I came to know Wolfe's handwriting and methods intimately. I had, of course, before Wolfe's death, read much of his handwriting. Therefore, when I read the legend below the manuscript illustration in *The Saturday Review*, I knew that a mistake had been made. All the editorial changes and deletions in the two pages had been made by Wolfe himself. Perkins certainly had made no editorial changes in these particular pages of manuscript.

I also knew that Maxwell Perkins, according to his own declaration to me, never made any changes in words or style; and that he never changed a sentence of Wolfe's. I had been aroused by a somewhat similar error made in the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* of January 13, 1946. In a review by Horace Gregory of "A Stone, a Leaf, a Door," which was a rearrangement of some of Wolfe's prose into poetic form, Gregory stated that Perkins wisely had often edited out some of Wolfe's rhetorical flights. I immediately asked Perkins if he had ever done any such thing. He assured me that he had not; that he never rewrote a single sentence of Wolfe's; that he never changed a word. What he did, he said, was give advice about material which was out of perspective, or which gave too much importance to side issues. Then he recalled to me how, once, when he asked Wolfe to work over some material on the sickness and death of the father, W. O. Gant, Wolfe brought in a magnificent piece on the doctor who treated the father; none of the material, however, really belonged in the piece, for it did not fill the gaps that required filling.

I knew as almost any careful reader of Wolfe must know, that no one could hope to change Wolfe's sentences without having the changes stand out like proverbial sore thumbs. Wolfe's lines were as personal and individual as those of a poet.



The two men, Wolfe and Perkins, working together for years, and both being very human, did not always agree; sometimes they argued violently. But stick together they did until the first two great novels published in Wolfe's lifetime, were issued. Their method of working was routine. Perkins would take home the sections of manuscript which Wolfe gave him, and read them carefully. Then, after office hours, that is, after four or five P.M., Perkins and Wolfe would meet in Perkins's little office, or they would go to the lounge of the Chatham Hotel, known as Chatham Walk, and Perkins would give his advice. The nearest he ever came to writing on a Wolfe manuscript was in drawing a line in a margin by some passage; sometimes he would merely bend down the corner of a page. Then Wolfe and Perkins would discuss the ideas held by the editor, and Wolfe, if he found the suggestions good, would take the manuscript home for rewriting or revision.

Perkins kept after the work and also after Wolfe until the final unity achieved was pleasing to both. However, Wolfe was never ready for his books to go to press and Perkins had to use heroic measures to convince the author that he must finally consign his words to the printer.

Wolfe, as before stated, was not always happy about the changes suggested. He explained in "The Story of a Novel" the way in which "Of Time and the River" took form. He first brought Perkins two enormous manuscripts, one of over 1,000,000 words; they faced the task of bringing order out of chaos, for Wolfe had the job of revising, weaving together, and shaping and cutting. He told how during 1934 he and Perkins took the first of the two manuscripts, how he wrote a thoroughly detailed synopsis and slowly, by adding needed material and cutting out superfluous matter, they got the book ready for the press by 1935. Cutting, he admitted, was always most difficult to him and his tendency was always to write rather than to cut.

Wolfe's very soul revolted at some of the cutting he knew was necessary. I remember that, one spring morning in 1934, my phone rang at two A.M. I recognized Wolfe's agonized voice.

> John [he said] I've written all that one could write, or need ever write, about a train; and it's one of the best things I've ever written. But, by God, they tell me I've got to cut it. I just don't see how I can do it. This ought to stand as a final piece of writing about a train.

He talked to me for over two hours about the passage and how he felt. As I listened, I visualized him sitting alone, in his fourth floor walk-up apartment at 5 Montague Terrace, Brooklyn, five blocks from where I lived. He just had to pour out his misery to someone.

IN Wolfe's "The Story of a Novel" he explained that the section about the train was 100,000 words long, and that, while it was important in itself, its function was subordinate and it had to be fitted for its place in the manuscript being planned for publication. In further explaining his task of revising the whole manuscript, he said that he wrote over a half a million words, of which only a small part was used.

A short while after Wolfe called me about having to cut the passage dealing with the train, I asked Perkins why he did not take the section and

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publish it as a unit in itself. He replied that to do so would not be practical and that in the long run Wolfe would use the material somewhere.

At times irony and satire would develop between the two in the heat of arguments about changes. Once, for example, when they were in Perkins's office, Wolfe noticed a snakeskin hanging on the rack below Perkins's coat.

"Ah," exclaimed Wolfe, "a portrait of an editor!"

The work on which these two collaborated was at an end when "Of Time and the River" was issued in March 1935. They never got together on another project, and some resentment arose in Wolfe toward Perkins and Scribner's. Wolfe had begun to write about both in a new section of a novel; in a letter to Perkins he accused Perkins of criticizing him for planning to use such material. Perkins denied having made any such criticism; Wolfe wrote that someone had told him that Perkins threatened to disappear if Wolfe used him in his fiction.

Wolfe's frankness in his "The Story of a Novel" has led people with little understanding to accuse Wolfe of being entirely dependent on Perkins, and incapable of writing alone. Perkins regretted such accusations deeply. Wolfe became convinced that he must show his independence. This conviction and other unfortunate circumstances led to rationalizations in Wolfe's mind which gave him courage to break with his first publisher and editor. The move was most painful to both author and editor; however, it was to bring Wolfe the friendship of another great editor, Edward C. Aswell, who was, as already stated, at that time with Harper's; Aswell, after Wolfe's death, performed a herculean task as editor and devoted friend, in bringing order to thousands of pages of manuscript, which were published as three posthumous books, "The Web and the Rock," "You Can't Go Home Again," and "The Hills Beyond."

Aswell dismisses as absurd the charge that Perkins ever made any detailed changes in any Wolfe manuscript. Moreover, Irma Wyckoff, who was Maxwell Perkins's secretary during the time of the Wolfe-Perkins association, declares unequivocally that Perkins never edited in detail or rewrote a particle of Wolfe's copy.

John Skally Terry, assistant professor of English at Washington Square College of New York University, is the editor of "Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother" and co-editor of "Readings in Description and Narration" and "What College Offers." He is to be the official biographer of Wolfe.

Literary History.

Statistical support for the old charge that American literature is the step-child of the English departments in our colleges is provided by "American Literature in the College Curriculum," a report sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English. One of the chief topics at the Council's annual convention this week, the report shows that of 700 institutions, a few do not offer any study of American writing at all, the majority offer it only as part of English courses, while less than a quarter require it for English majors, the group from which future literature teachers are drawn. The report noted, however, a quickening of interest by Americans in their literary past since the war. Publication of the "Literary History of the United States," reviewed below, not only dramatizes this, but probably will give it added impetus.

National Educational Defense Act

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry S. Canby. Howard Mumford Jones, Dixon Wecter, and Stanley T. Williams, Associates. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. Vol. 1 and Vol. 2, 1,422 pp., Vol. 3, 817 pp. $20 the set. $7.50 for Vol. 3 alone.

Reviewed by
NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

THE AMERICAN is still one of the few content to call himself cultivated without knowing very much of his particular national literary tradition. It is entirely possible, and not at all unusual, for him to go through his entire period of schooling without much more than a perfunctory knowledge of the names of a few giants in his past. That the colleges and universities are largely responsible for this curious and naive state of affairs has been clearly enough indicated in a study recently released by the National Council of Teachers of English.

The publication of the three-volume "Literary History of the United States" by a group of distinguished scholars comes as a distinct challenge to those who should be able to recognize a glove when it is thrown down at them. It is an impressive challenge. Nothing so good in the general presentation of American literary history has yet appeared. Inclusive in its scope, and judicious in its acumen, the history is a landmark and itself becomes a part of our growing tradition and an influence for the future. We have waited a long time for such a book; now that it has come, there can be nothing but gratification, congratulation, and a sense of indebtedness to the group who are responsible for this highly significant work of criticism and scholarship.

The problem of writing the history of any national literature is complex and confusing, but the fact that the American story is briefer than that of other nations makes it no easier to tell. The problem is chiefly one of organization. Heterogeneous chapters by miscellaneous authorities hardly meet the intellectual demands of such a task, though the "Cambridge History of American Literature," which was the last group effort in this direction, gave scarcely more than that. The brilliant idiosyncrasy of a single author, like Vernon Parrington in his "Main Currents of American Thought," though it makes for unity, is only a little more satisfactory. Except in the few chapters of elective affinity we learn more about the author than we do about his subject. The editors of the Cambridge history had the better idea in calling for the balancing effect of many minds and many sources of special information. What they lacked was autocratic editorial bravery. What was missing was

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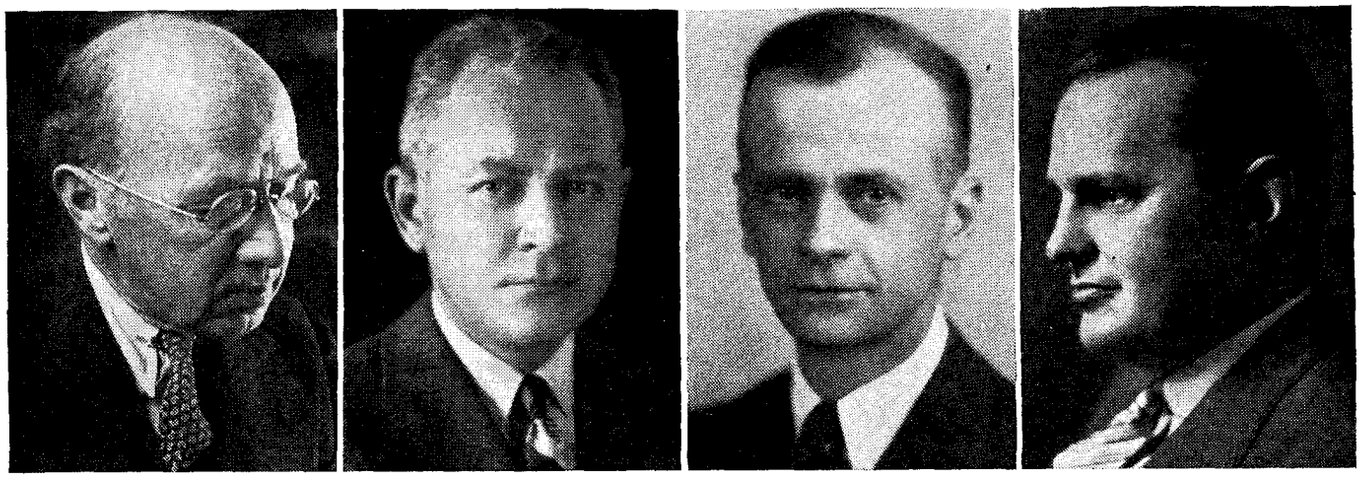

Henry S. Canby, Thomas H. Johnson, Robert E. Spiller, and Willard Thorpe head the group of distinguished scholars who edited "Literary History of the United States"—"an impressive challenge . . . a landmark, inclusive in its scope, and judicious in its acumen."

the increasingly firm body of scholarly research and knowledge which has come in recent years of study, and which lies behind the present summary of American writing from the days of the first settlements to our own. The editors of the new "Literary History of the United States" have inevitably profited from an increasing concern with the data of our past, and have gathered their contributors from a wide group of men whose profession it has been. Intellectual historians, philosophers, critics, and scholars have all been drafted in this national literary defense act. There are fifty-five of them. If I do not name them it is in tribute to an editorial policy which has succeeded in so welding their efforts that a strength of anonymity has resulted. It gives to the book a unanimity and a conviction of mass conclusion which makes the result as nearly a representation of the opinion of our time as it is perhaps reasonable to expect. To aid in this impression, no indication of particular authorship is given to any chapter, and, although a table at the end of the first two volumes permits one to find his individual targets for recrimination, the sense of inconspicuous continuity is both disarming and reassuring.

The basis of the book is one of historical perspective and balance. Its triumphs are editorial. One will find individual analyses of particular authors more brilliantly or suggestively delinated in the writings of men like Parrington or Paul More, for spare examples, but one will nowhere else find so modulated a scheme for the totality. Viewed in a larger perspective than that of the purely American scene, this new American literary history appears to be perhaps the most carefully planned literary history in the English language. Certainly the new "Oxford History of English Literature" in this respect can in no way approach it.

The chief intent of the editors has been to bring to the general intelligent reader the best of scholarship in American literature in a unified and interesting account. It is a description and evaluation of those writings which, for their merit as expressions of American experience, are worthy of preservation. All that takes place within the history has its roots within what is now the United States. It would not be difficult to recognize the book as a product of our time as well as of our country. A concern not only with the significance but also with the nature of American writing has extended the scope beyond the boundaries of belles-lettres to a general consideration of expert communication, from prayers to politics. With a kind of useful self-consciousness, the editors have taken the results of America—its dream as well as its achievements—and held them up to the mirror of the Old World in terms of the appeal and occasional admiration which has been felt by others.

The "Literary History of the United States" is not an autumn harvest of chestnuts. Men like Edwards, Franklin, Poe, Hawthorne, and James receive individual studies which give them, within the framework of the history, a status approximate to our recollection of their distinction. Fine as they are, these chapters will hardly achieve so much in molding a fresh understanding of our literary history as will those which have to deal either with various aspects of milieu or with groups of authors so clearly seen to exist in conjunction that the editors have made it impossible for the reader to learn precisely when they were born or died. Their existence, however, has not been ignored, and our literature takes on flesh with their cumulative weight.

An increasing concern with intellectual and social history finds its inevitable reflection in a series of shorter linking chapters which, in themselves, form a kind of book within a book. In them the dominant ideas and patterns of culture in which the literature was produced receive their emphasis in relation to the product. They are, so to speak, determining factors. Equally represented are chapters concerned with the instruments of literary culture, which both in helping to shape the form and content of literature as well as in acting as agencies of dissemination give the history a constant dynamic quality.

These are the agencies of church, forum, and school, they are such factors as the press, libraries, publishing houses, and book clubs. They work both for and against the writer in the ultimate articulation of the urgencies that move him to the construction of his work of intended art. No one today will gainsay their importance. Anyone will now know where to look for their description.

If there has been an underlying current of unrest in the contemplation of the American literary past, it has been on the part of those who have suspected that New England, despite its admitted predominance in earlier literary achievement, has received more than its due in comprehensive descriptions of the creative activity of the past. Not the least of the distinctions of the "Literary History of the United States" is the correction of this false emphasis. Almost with cunning, the editors have stressed by the arrangement of their chapters the indubitable fact that even in the Colonial period the Southern and the Middle states were hardly tongue-tied though they might be tone-deaf. Loyal supporters of the South have for a long time been unwilling to admit the sole

(*Continued on page* 33)

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From Obscurity to Box Hill

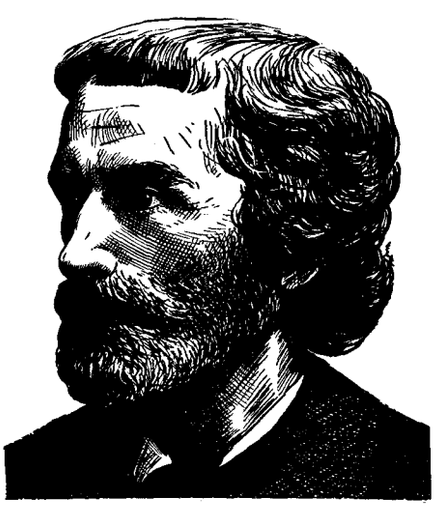
MEREDITH. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 269 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IT IS possible that George Meredith's prose and poetry are about to be delivered from the state of neglect in which they have largely languished for the past thirty-odd years, and are to be reappraised by a generation that was only beginning to enter the world when he was taking leave of it. Indeed, Meredith's strenuous intellectuality, his verbal acrobatics, his pervasive and far from ordinary comic sense, his congested eloquence, his impatient ellipses, and his startling juxtapositions of ideas and images, should all prove attractive to professional and amateur critics of a generation that has learned, from writers as difficult—at first meeting—as Joyce and Eliot and Kafka, to relish difficult writing; to place a high value on the kind of literary pleasure that can be enjoyed only by readers willing and able to collaborate actively and intelligently with unconventional, innovating authors. But if a Meredithian revival is really in prospect, the biography before us will not, at least in my opinion, do much to expedite it.

It is true that Mr. Sassoon tells the story of Meredith's life in an easy, chatty, slippered style which many persons will prefer to the pretensions and profundities of some other biographers, particularly those of the psychoanalytic school. He leads us amiably, step by step, along the path which Meredith himself followed from obscurity to the eminence of Box Hill. He traces, stage by stage, the lengthy transformation of an aspiring young writer into "the proud old poet, time-ravaged, aggressive, indomitable, whose sword was common sense and who could give as his gospel 'Fortitude is the one thing for which we may pray, because without it we are unable to bear the Truth'." Mr. Sassoon gives due weight to Meredith's unhappy first marriage, recognizes the genial and witty influence of his father-in-law, Thomas Love Peacock, and describes his relations with his son Arthur, and with such friends as Rossetti, Swinburne, Leslie Stephen, Admiral Maxse, Lady Butcher, Stevenson, Henley, and Haldane. He notes the haunting shadow of Meredith's "tailoring ancestry," which "brandished its shears in the backshop of his mind." And the biographer turns critic to examine and outline Meredith's novels; to judge and quote his poetry. But the farther one goes in this unusual book, the more one is reminded of the story of the old violinist who, when asked why he always made such horrible faces while playing, replied: "I just don't like music."

It would probably be unfair to say that Mr. Sassoon just does not like Meredith, but it is perfectly clear that the biographer-critic is not comfortable with much of his subject's most characteristic work. He makes no bones about the fact that, in many instances, he is a reluctant reader; one who has set himself a chore that he finds hard going, and over which he candidly groans. With considerable justification, he assures us that "Vittoria" is "extremely difficult to get through." Confronted by "Beauchamp's Career," he writes: "Now for yet another enormous novel which has been analyzed, elucidated, and discussed by many a more competent pen than mine. And now, for some obscure reason, I feel the book a burden on me, and could almost wish that Meredith hadn't written quite so many enormous novels, all of which I have biographically covenanted to peruse—and proclaim as perusable—to a neglectful generation. For the fact is that Meredith as a whole is beyond the scope of my failing apprehension." When he comes to "The Egoist," Mr. Sassoon laments that the novel is a formidable challenge to faculties in which he is conspicuously lacking, and gives others the last critical word, through quotation, as he does on many other occasions. "One of Our Conquerors," the style of which he finds "at times almost intolerable," bores him stiff, and he takes refuge in another long quotation from "one who is far better qualified than I am to illuminate the subject,"—the source, this time, being Desmond MacCarthy.



Is a Meredithian revival really in prospect?

Mr. Sassoon seems to be more at ease with Meredith's poetry than with his prose but not when this poetry presents too intense a concentration of thought or difficulties of interpretation; and, at best, we are given superficial appreciations rather than criticism in any serious sense. Mr. Sassoon is content to praise "Modern Love" as "a great and original poem, an artistic construction of perfect unity." He commends two short lyrics by declaring that they "will hold their place in English poetry when 'The Egoist' (as, with all its merits, it may) has joined Lyly's 'Euphues' as a museum piece of literary ingenuity." Of "Love in the Valley," he will say no more than that it is "one of the very greatest sustained love lyrics in English poetry." And when he kneels before "Hymn to Color," he refuses to analyze, explain, or even quote from the poem: "I refuse to lay a finger on it."

On the other hand, he finds passages of "A Faith on Trial" a little too much for him, and "fatiguing to read as a whole," because the metre "hurries one along, while the condensed and closely reasoned content demands concentrated attention." Finally, when Mr. Sassoon is incapable of sharing the admiration of Quiller-Couch and G. M. Trevelyan for "The Day of the Daughter of Hades," he wonders "whether, after all," he is "an appropriate person to write about" Meredith. Frankly, in the case of this particular poem, he finds "the mental effort required too exacting." And perhaps one should also mention the fact that, midway in his course, he informs us: "It is not part of my business to estimate Meredith's status as a thinker."

Some readers, possibly, may be charmed by Mr. Sassoon's humility in the face of his critical problems, while some may be amused by his self-conscious, ostentatious parade of modesty. But others will be gravely disappointed by the whole performance, and will feel that the biographer has done justice neither to his subject nor to himself. They will wonder why he engaged in this particular enterprise, and why he so obviously prodded himself into going through with it. They will decide that he has written a lazy book, slack in thought, sloppy in syntax and diction; and they will be compelled, on this occasion, to condemn the author of many admirable volumes, in the light of his own last sentence, which reads:—"To be at one's best is to be Meredithian."

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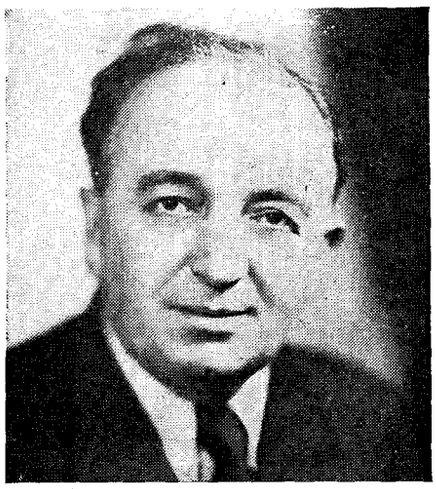
The World.

At the close of the recent war, one of the favorite tricks of experts on the shape of things to come was to take a look at what followed World War I and then perceive something comparable in their own crystal balls. The past thirty-nine months have made it abundantly clear that the post-World War I pattern is not to be repeated very closely. The early Twenties saw the publication of many books like those reviewed below—formal and informal histories of the conflict and the events that brought it on. But the problems that came to a head during the recent war are still so much with us that the books by Constantin Fotitch, David J. Dallin, and Mark Gayn, in addition to explaining what happened during the last decade in Yugoslavia, Russia, and Japan, illuminate the problems confronting Americans in the near future.



"Constantin Fotitch has not only not forgotten his ancient hatreds; he cannot fully conceal them."

One Tyranny for Another

THE WAR WE LOST. By Constantin Fotitch. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 344 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT LEE WOLFF

FORMER Ambassador Fotitch has written an interesting and coherent account of the Yugoslav tragedy. After a brief historical introduction, he recounts, from his own point of view, the tangled history of the war years: the German attack on his country, the development of the Mihailovich and Tito resistance movements, and the shifting attitude of the Allied powers toward Yugoslav affairs. This culminated in a decision to withdraw aid from Mihailovich and to support Tito, and eventually enabled Tito to transform his Partisan movement into the present Communist government of Yugoslavia, which has entrenched itself in power, and which was able last summer to defy Stalin and the Cominform in a way quite unprecedented for a group of hitherto subservient Russian agents. Mr. Fotitch makes good use of the "Memoirs" of Cordell Hull to illustrate the final series of diplomatic exchanges whereby President Roosevelt hesitantly consented, against the advice of the State Department, to support an Anglo-Soviet division of the Balkans into spheres of military influence: an arrangement which led inevitably to our present problems in Greece and to the Russian domination of the remainder of the area. The book is extremely well-written and well-presented, and is likely to seem quite plausible to many readers. It is, however, as its publishers proclaim, written with "passionate partisanship"; it is polemic and not history; and it inevitably leaves its readers without a satisfactory answer to the central question: how could the Allies have been foolish enough to abandon Mihailovich, here presented as their only hope?

Mr. Fotitch stoutly denies that Mihailovich ever collaborated with the enemy, and attributes this view solely to Communist propaganda and to the misinformation purveyed to Prime Minister Churchill by his representatives in Yugoslavia. He ignores the documentary evidence supplied by German political and military officials after the war, who reported the details of their collaboration with Mihailovich. He ignores the correspondence in detail between local Mihailovich commanders on the one hand and the German and Croatian quislings on the other. This correspondence was available to American and British officials; it is of course grossly improbable on the face of it that the decision to abandon Mihailovich, which led to the rest of the tragedy, would ever have been made by Mr. Churchill without such evidence. As a strongly patriotic Serb, whose dislike for the Croats is only faintly concealed throughout his book, Mr. Fotitch cannot admit that his hero, Mihailovich, let the Allies down. But the facts remain. Mihailovich hated Tito more than he hated Hitler. He hoped after the war to get his revenge on the Croats, the most extreme of whom had brutally massacred the Serbs in the puppet state of Croatia. He did, it is true, assist American aviators who landed behind his lines, but there is no real contradiction between this and collaborating with the Germans. It was to his interests, as he understood them, to do both.

If the leader of the Serb nationalist resistance had been a really great figure, if the Yugoslav politicians in exile (a group to which Fotitch belonged) had been able to treat the national problem with good sense, above all, if the prewar Serb dictatorship in Yugoslavia had not alienated the Croats by measures as tyrannical as any instituted by Tito, the Allies would probably not have had the problem of choice between Mihailovich and Tito during the war, since Yugoslavs of all nationalities would have rallied to fight the Germans, and the Communists would never have got the chance to assume the leadership of the resistance. It is all very well for Mr. Fotitch to blame the British and American governments for the success of the Communists. A great share of the fault lies with the Yugoslav political groups with whom Mr. Fotitch has always been intimately associated. The failure of the Yugoslav federal state, during the period when Mr. Fotitch and his friends dictated its policies, to solve its chief national and administrative problems contributed directly to the success of Tito, who served as a rallying-point for the discontented. In any truly historical account of the Yugoslav tragedy the Serbian dictatorship of the prewar years should take a most prominent place. You won't find it here.

Mr. Fotitch apologizes for his relative, General Nedich, the German puppet Premier of Serbia. Nedich, it appears, was not a quisling, only a Pétain. He does not mention his other relative, Lyotich, head of the Serbian Fascist party.

The Yugoslav tragedy is not, as Mr. Fotitch intimates, that his people have exchanged a democratic regime for Communism. It is that they have exchanged one tyranny for another. Since the author of this book was so closely connected with the former tyranny, the reader cannot expect to find this point elucidated. And when it comes to national hatreds, whatever else may be said against the Tito regime, it has adopted a firm and sound policy in this regard, as this reviewer can testify from personal experience in Yugoslavia in 1945 and again last summer.

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Why Russia Looks Eastward

SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE FAR EAST. By David J. Dallin. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 398 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HARCAVE

IN 1942, only two years after his arrival in this country, David Dallin, Russian-born anti-Bolshevik, prepared his first work on Russia for the American public: "Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy, 1939-1942." It was a timely and useful book. Now, with "Soviet Russia and the Far East," his name appears for the sixth time on the title page of a study of the USSR. This book also is timely and useful and will sustain the author's reputation as a well-trained, careful, and hostile student of Soviet affairs.

Though many in this country have deplored our lack of knowledge of Russia, few have been able to add much, so limiting have been the lack of data and the absence of perspective. The late Samuel Harper, one of the ablest of American students of Russia, had, at his death after forty years of study, completed only three slender volumes on that country. Dallin, however, has not hung back. He has the language, the scholar's diligence, an emotional interest in his subject; and he has courageously preempted a very special position for himself as a writer on Soviet affairs.

In this last book, he investigates a phase of Russian diplomacy about which our information has been even frailer than our general knowledge of that state. We often remember that Russia is a Eurasian power and that the balance of power has been upset in the Far East with the disappearance of Japan as a military factor; yet, aside from Harriet Moore's able but limited work on the subject, there has been little published material to turn to. In "Soviet Russia and the Far East," Dallin has again narrowed the limits of our ignorance.

Relying mainly upon Soviet publications, assorted memoirs, and published Nazi documents, the author takes us back to 1931, the year of Japan's descent on Manchuria. Russia had lost almost all of her influence in China and was seeking to avoid war with Japan. From that period of the nadir of Soviet influence, Dallin traces the story of Russia's reappearance as a Great Power in the Far East. He covers here much material which, though not unknown to the specialist, is not generally known: the cyclical relations of Moscow and Nationalist China, the Chinese Soviets, Soviet influence in Sinkiang, the mysterious Mongolian People's Republic, and the annexation of its even less

known neighbor, Tanna Tuva. He carries the story on through the war and into postwar diplomacy.

"Soviet Russia and the Far East" is more satisfying in its picture of the Thirties, for which data are more available, than in its portrayal of the Forties, for which surmise and opinion must often be substituted for facts which are not yet known. Dallin's conclusion that Russia intends to erect "a Soviet 'co-prosperity sphere' for the Chinese, Mongol, Korean, and Japanese peoples" is neither borne out nor disproved by his evidence. Generally speaking, he is not entirely convincing in his projection of future Soviet policy in the Pacific. His implicit assumption that Russian policy is affected by United States policy only in so far as it checks Russian ambitions is questionable. Surely the Far Eastern policy of the United States is more than the containment of Russia, and surely the Russians are affected by what they take to be our policy as much as we are affected by what we take to be theirs.

As a whole, Dallin's work is a triumph of content over style. His straightforward but less than inspiring prose and his episodic organization may weary the reader, but they cannot dull one's appreciation of an important and able work which will probably maintain its reputation for many a publishing season. In 1949, a companion work by Dallin on Russia and the Far East from 1860 to 1930 will appear; it should add to the value of the present work.

Ships and Sailors vs. Nippon

THE RISING SUN IN THE PACIFIC, 1931-April, 1942. History of United States Naval Operations in World War II, Vol. III. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 441 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by PHILIP A. CROWL

IN a foreword to the first volume of this series, James Forrestal described how the author had been expressly commissioned by the Navy Department to prepare a history of the Navy's wartime combat record in World War II. He then concluded with this statement: "This work, however, is in no sense an official history. The form, style, and character of the narrative are the author's own. The opinions expressed and the conclusions reached are those of Dr. Morison, and of him alone." In short, Morison was offered full access to all official documents and records of the Navy Department without having to bind himself to any particular party line or official point of view. On the face of it, it was a nice bargain and the more so since the second party to the contract was a branch of the armed service which had been traditionally sensitive to lay criticism. However, some scoffers argued that it was the Navy that got the best of the deal; that by commissioning a widely known and reputable scholar to write its history, the department was merely buying insurance of a favorable treatment of its particular role in the late war. If there are any such cynics remaining who expected this study to be little more than an elaborate whitewash, they should be silenced forever with the publication of this the third volume of the series.

The first four chapters of this study are devoted to a summary of the events leading up to Pearl Harbor, the growing tensions between Japan and the United States after World War I, the rise to power of the Japanese military clique, the attack on China, and the gradual stiffening of American resistance to Japanese demands for an "East Asia Monroe Doctrine." This is probably the weakest, or at least the most vulnerable section of the book. Although succinct and highly readable, it adds little to what is already known and well reported. Since the limitations of space and the subject matter naturally prevented any exhaustive examination of the complexities of American-Japanese relations from 1920 to 1941, it appears to this reviewer that the subject might better have been omitted entirely.

The chapter on the Pearl Harbor attack is superb both as narrative and as an assessment of responsibility for that near-disaster. Dr. Morison concludes that nobody in Washington *or*

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Pearl Harbor remotely expected an attack on that base and there was no good reason why they should. All signs pointed to a quick Jap thrust toward the Philippines and the East Indies. On the other hand he agrees with Admiral King that "an unwarranted feeling of immunity from attack . . . seems to have pervaded all ranks at Pearl Harbor, both Army and Navy." It was, in Morison's words, "an outpost . . . where military men are supposed to be better alert at all times, like a sentry walking his post." The author neither completely exonerates nor roundly condemns Admiral Kimmel and General Short. He points out their errors in judgment, but acknowledges that most, though not all, of them were understandable. As to some of the silly theories current then and now—that these two officers were barely on speaking terms, that all the officers on the island were drunk, or that some high personage in Washington deliberately withheld news of the impending attack in order to precipitate war—these are summarily dismissed in a mere footnote, as is proper.

The remaining three-fourths of the book are devoted to the dreary story —though not drearily told—of allied reverses through April of 1942, when the gloom was somewhat brightened by the Halsey-Doolittle Raid on Tokyo. Dr. Morison points out that it was not Pearl Harbor alone that was responsible for this monotonous series of setbacks. The truth is that, even regardless of Pearl Harbor, our Navy in the Pacific was inferior to that of the enemy. Our base defenses were inadequate or non-existent, our logistics were hopeless, our ships not as well constructed or equipped as those of the enemy, our planes inferior, our coordination with Allied Naval forces unplanned. Finally, in at least one case (the failure to relieve Wake Island), we were frustrated, according to Morison, by the indecisiveness and simple poor seamanship of ranking Naval officers who should have known better. Indeed, almost the only real asset the Navy had in this first year appears to have been guts.

No one could tell this story as it should be told who is not a sailor as well as a scholar, and of course Dr. Morison is both. No amount of poring through action reports and ships' logs could alone supply the authentic ring which these pages have. And that authenticity is more than a mere saltiness of expression. It is basically a soundness of judgment that only experience at sea can impart. Seamanship is by no means an obsolete art even in modern naval warfare and it requires a seaman, which Morison obviously is, to assess properly the successes and failures of the ships and sailors whose record he is writing.

The Military Mind in Japan

JAPAN DIARY. By Mark Gayn. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1948. 517 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

PRACTICALLY everyone knows by now that the savagest battles are usually fought between the correspondents and the Army censors. In the recent unpleasantness, the generals generally had things their own way while the shooting was going on, but the writers have come into their own since VJ Day. In his forthright and forceful "Japan Diary," Mark Gayn (whose distinguished record of reporting from the Far East dates back nearly two decades) scathingly denounces the Military Mind at Work in MacArthur's Japan.

Mr. Gayn arrived in occupied Tokyo early in December 1945, when the surrender was less than four months old. On his second day there he had his first unhappy reaction to Army rule—in this case to the attitude toward special correspondents of Brig. Gen. Frayne Baker, MacArthur's public relations officer. A year and a half later, on the eve of his departure for New York, he is still berating the Military Mind.

In the months between, Gayn covered a great deal of Japan and touched a host of subjects, although his greatest interest lay in the problems of land ownership. Wherever he went, he talked with farmers and landlords, with policemen and labor organizers and town officials, with waitresses and retired political assassins. The information and opinions these people provided constitute a striking picture of Japan in the first year under MacArthur.

"Mark Gayn looks upon the whole business as sordid, mistaken, and venal."

Near the end of his stay, Gayn dined with Sanzo Nozaka and Yoshio Shiga, two of Japanese Communism's "Big Three." During their after-dinner conversation, Nozaka listed a number of American achievements.

> The new constitution [he declared] has had a deep effect on the nation. It has reduced the Emperor's powers. The various reforms have dealt a heavy blow to the feudal forces. The blow is not fatal, but it's heavy.
>
> If the occupation forces remain here another five years, the progressive forces will be strong enough to block the efforts of the Old Guard to seize power.

Such comparatively kind words from two men whose integrity Gayn obviously respects are notable. They go materially beyond anything that the author says on his own initiative.

The present reviewer was in Japan during the period covered by "Japan Diary." He must submit that he did not see Nippon in the same light that Mr. Gayn did. To this reviewer the occupation—for all the blundering and the personal selfishness—was an inspiring attempt by the American people to convey to the Japanese the rudiments of what they consider to be the most satisfying system the world has yet devised. If we sometimes seem to be riding off in all directions at once, it is not because we are cheats and fools, but only because we refuse to have our philosophy dictated or our speeches written for us. But Mr. Gayn looks upon the whole business as sordid, mistaken, and venal.

In writing "Japan Diary," Gayn adopted a technique that is frequently discussed but seldom carried out. He wrote detailed letters home to Mrs. Gayn, then later edited and expanded them to produce a book.

There is, however, at least one fault inherent in the letter-home method which Mr. Gayn has not fully overcome. Unless it is edited beyond all recognition, the material tends to be episodic and even misleading. Today's crisis—about which the author is writing so copiously—may have an entirely different complexion tomorrow, but there is no assurance he will be writing about it then. "Japan Diary" goes into great detail on a number of problems that have long since ceased to exist. The uninitiated gets the impression no issue is ever settled in Nippon.

Despite this defect and a strong leftist bias, "Japan Diary" contains an undeniable wealth of material on men and events in Japan and Korea.

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Fiction. *Over the last year the first-rate novels of American university life can be counted on the fingers of one hand, whereas numberless English novelists have found their years in Oxford and Cambridge and the newer universities a constant stimulus to creative literature. There may be many reasons why our writers have found the academic soil too arid for fertile recollections. Our guess is that the English writer is accustomed to keep in close touch with his alma mater, to know it in its cultural, rather than its athletic and carnival aspects. The English man of letters is indeed identified with his university all his life, so that the discerning can trace its influence on his work and his thought. The university novel reviewed below, Ruby Redinger's "The Golden Net," may be an exception to the rule. It is a complete revelation of the physical, intellectual, and moral aspects of the little world we know of as college life in the United States.*

—*Helen Hewett.*

Ruby Redinger—like Hardy with . . . "a large dash of the fevered romanticism of D. H. Lawrence."

A World in Small

THE GOLDEN NET. By Ruby Redinger. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 434 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is not only a first novel, but a novel of the first magnitude. I think that will be plain to anyone who has read twenty-five pages of it, and the hundreds to come will only strengthen the impression. It is difficult, perhaps even undesirable, to say beforehand just what a first-rate novel ought to accomplish; we turn instead to the completed book to give a name to these accomplishments. "The Golden Net" examines a milieu and leaves it thoroughly described, subtly revealed in every possible aspect, physical, intellectual, moral. It examines a score of people and realizes each of them in total spiritual vitality. Playing milieu and people one against the other, it creates a complete organism out of their interrelalationship, a world in small, and sets its boundaries at the horizon line, so that every preoccupation of the larger world outside makes entrance here, and is here resolved. This is a work largely conceived as the novels of Hardy were conceived, out of philosophical and esthetic principles. I should compare Miss Redinger's novel to Hardy's novels, with perhaps a large dash of the fevered romanticism of D. H. Lawrence to leaven it. These are dangerous comparisons, but I feel it would be unjust to withhold them.

The milieu she has chosen is the university faculty; the people are those of that world: professors, college president and deans, college wives, students, and the inevitable fringe of other folk. What Miss Redinger has done is to reveal the essential substance of this world. What it means, for example, to be a scholar and to love scholarship—not scholarship mentioned in easy taglines, but scholarship spoken and experienced. Marcia Anderson, about whose head whirl the tides of this narrative, is a specialist in William Blake, newly appointed to the faculty of John Willard College. All through her life at John Willard—and it is certainly a period of emotional stress, far from being the safe, dull, cloistered haven of ivied walls—there exists like a parallel stream the consciousness of another life she has, out of her knowledge of that poet. It is almost as though she has some existence within the mind of Blake, as he has in hers. It expands her capacities for feeling and perceiving; she is as great as we expect a person of learning and sensitiveness to be, yet rarely see such between covers.

Marcia's abortive love affair with

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"STRANGER, PAUSE AND LOOK"

Mrs. Beatrice Firestone, of Cincinnati, asks you to locate the following appeals made by various poets. Allowing five points for identifying either the poet or the poem, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 19.

1. Piper, pipe that song again.
2. Hold off! Unhand me, gray-beard loon.
3. Now tell us all about the war,
   And what they fought each other for.
4. O lift me from the grass!
5. Give, oh, give me back my heart!
6. Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.
7. Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why.
8. Be a god and hold me with a charm.
9. Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird.
10. Tell them that I came and no one answered.
11. Stay, you must not strike it, God,
    I'm in the way.
12. Think only this of me:
    That there's some corner of a foreign field
    That is forever England.
13. Give him a little earth for charity.
14. Let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.
15. Weep no more, my lady.
16. Be still, my soul, be still; the arms you bear are brittle.
17. Come you back, you British soldier.
18. Time, you old gypsy man, will you not stay?
19. Let me tell the world.
20. O Mary, go and call the cattle home.

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John Willard himself, the tractor king and president of the college, and her eventual gravitation toward Professor Paul Grant (a Melville scholar), are divergent lines of romantic force that impel the narrative. But there are many, many more things here, and many people, flooding the scene with a multiplicity of values. There is a magnificent portrait —across half the book—of Professor Esther Cornthwaite, the chairman of the English faculty, and behind her, in meticulous and malicious detail, the varied figures of her department in every revelatory posture: the aridity of faculty meetings, the exalting experience of teaching, and the fact of slow-rotting academic corruption, and the confused currents of personal compulsion—loves and hatreds, ambitions, frustrations, the struggle to define integrity. There is the impact, upon these vulnerable walls, of Fascism. This is not a story about Academic Freedom, or a story about Fascism Within Academic Walls, or a story about Teacher and Pupil Relationships, or even a story about Love Among the Bookstacks. It is a novel larger than any of the elements in it, about a world made of many things, about people whose thoughts, motives, and emotions, are complex beyond any simple definition. It is a book profoundly and intellectually exciting, and it heralds an exciting writer.

Inherited Feud

THE LONG HABIT. By James K. Feibleman. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1948. 365 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES NELSON, JR.

THE Hoysradts, in the days prior to World War II, seemed like a normal, happy family. In the winter they lived in New Orleans; during the summer, they migrated to Isle Chênière, three and a half hours away by car.

Arthur Hoysradt had inherited, along with a big summer home and a profitable real estate business, a feud with the Ageton family. Although the reasons for the enmity had disappeared into the dim past along with its originators, the feud hung on, dormant. Arthur had added to his inheritance, too; he was the self-styled god of the oak grove that stood between his summer home, Havenwood, and the sea.

Starting with these relatively simple materials, Mr. Feibleman builds an engrossing and violent first novel. The peculiar merit of the story lies in the fact that Mr. Feibleman has made his violence completely credible. Through pitching most of the action in a low key, the brutality of the plot becomes inevitable and real.

At the time the book opens, the Hoysradt-Ageton feud has degenerated to the point where the adversaries merely ignore each other. Walter Ageton is seldom seen; and Arthur Hoysradt's favorite pastime is reading in the oak grove that fronts Havenwood, or discussing the rights and responsibilities inherent in his self-appointed job as king of the grove. His real intellectual companions are few—mainly his lovely ash-blonde daughter Barbara, and Gifford Zale, the mildly eccentric philosopher whom Arthur had dubbed Antisocrates.

When Arthur decides he must go to war, trouble begins. Susan, the Hoysradt's youngest daughter, is killed in an automobile accident involving Arthur. With this tragic accident fresh in his mind, Arthur leaves for an Army camp. Estelle Hoysradt links her husband's determination to leave Isle Chênière for the Army with Susan's death; and she searches for a way to punish him for the hideous accident. She finds her revenge in an affair with Walter Ageton. By the time the story ends, tragedy has all but destroyed both families.

Across the warp of tragedy, Feibleman has woven a delightful woof of philosophic mythology. Through Antisocrates, the skeptic, he frequently voices the legend of the year god who must be killed in his prime in order that the new king may be born strong.

Feibleman's calm presentation, which underscores events by underplaying them, is nowhere better than in his portrayal of the storm that brings the book to its close. The author builds a semitropical hurricane to almost unbearable intensity. This skilful bit of writing, however, provided me my only quarrel with the book. After a substantial diet of tragedy growing out of well-motivated revenge, the final tragedy resulting from the storm seemed unnecessary and lacking in justification. Mr. Feibleman may have a perfectly proper mythological explanation for it, but somehow it eludes me.

Incidentally, for those who wondered, the book's title is taken from a quotation by Sir Thomas Browne: "The long habit of living indisposeth us for dying." Mr. Feibleman has made an excellent and readable case in support of the statement.

Enemies of Man

A CONVOY THROUGH THE DREAM. By Scott Graham Williamson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 272 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

DURING the early part of the war the men who worked the ships of the Merchant Marine didn't rate too highly with some of our pin-stripe patriots. Wartime is a great time for generalizations, and in the chow-lines at "21" and Mr. Billingsley's station-wagon-lunch they used to crack that most of the men on the supply ships had signed on in order to evade military service, and that all of them were there because of the money. You didn't hear so much of this as the war went on and the ships went down, and it began to appear that a man could be brave and valuable even though he was well-paid and belonged to a union. There were men, of course, who were attracted by the money, just as there are men in other branches of the service who were attracted by the idea of little pieces of metal on their shoulders, but there were also a great many men in the Merchant Marine who were there because they had been rejected by the military, and had found that the hard, nearly always dangerous work on the supply ships gave them a feeling of participation and service. If they were well-paid for it, so for that matter were some colonels and rear-admirals who spent the war in places like the Pentagon Building, with no drums of gasoline under them and no need of a convoy, except perhaps on those evenings when the waves were high on the bourbon-and-water at the Officers' Club.

Mr. Williamson's new, and second novel, "A Convoy Through the Dream," is about one of these young men who had been rejected for regular service, and who was impelled

G. T.

(1894-1948)

By J. B.

WARMTH was much of her,
The giving of warmth, warmth shared.
Her words have it
But it was in beauty, too,
Eyes and movements of hands.
This calorific had light, was not
Cottonwool bundling but
Threw rays to learn by.
Now the fire's out.

Light is undying. Learning lasts.
Warmth is remembered.

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neither by greed nor cowardice but by a mixture of guilt, curiosity, and simple patriotism, to give up an OWI job in Washington and sign on a Liberty ship. Eric Clark had been writing propaganda broadcasts which implied that he knew who the enemy actually was and what the war was really about. When he realized that he was attempting to articulate something that he himself did not know, he sailed out on the *SS William Benson* to meet the enemy, and perhaps himself. In Italy, Sicily, and Algeria Clark saw the sickening spoor of war, and on the *William Benson* and in the bars and bordellos ashore he got to know the kind of men who could ride a cargo of explosives through submarine-haunted waters and sign on again, sober. He had begun to learn some important things about the enemies of man which are on each side in every war when one day, four days out of Algiers, a plane came over low, and the *William Benson* and all aboard her joined a cargo of high-octane gasoline in noisy disintegration.

"A Convoy Through the Dream" has a decided list, and it is a pity, for there are many fine passages in it, here and there, passages which are a great deal better than the book. Mr. Williamson can create vivid, original characters, and he can make them talk well and sometimes wittily, and his descriptive passages are sharply drawn and stereopticon. It is Eric Clark's confused and cloudy quest which blurs and impedes the narrative, and it is the character of Clark which suffers most from the author's occasionally

(*Continued on page 30*)

Personal History.

Like politics, book publication dates make strange bedfellows. This week, for example, sees the release of autobiographies of two Americans whose careers have been strikingly dissimilar; yet the lives of Walter E. Edge, the Old Guard Republican from New Jersey, and Lucy Robins Lang, the militant labor organizer from Chicago, illustrate two of the many facets of our national heritage. "Jerseyman's Journal" follows the tradition of the memoirs written by such spiritual ancestors of Governor Edge as Foraker, Coolidge, and Watson: it is interesting, but not very illuminating. Mrs. Lang's "Tomorrow Is Beautiful" resembles Mary Antrim's and Rose Pesotta's autobiographies for its picture of an Old World childhood and Samuel Gompers's account of early-day, pre-Taft-Hartley battles for unionism.

Old Guardsman of the Country's "Best"

A JERSEYMAN'S JOURNAL. The Autobiography of a Businessman, Governor, Diplomat. By Walter E. Edge. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1948. 349 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

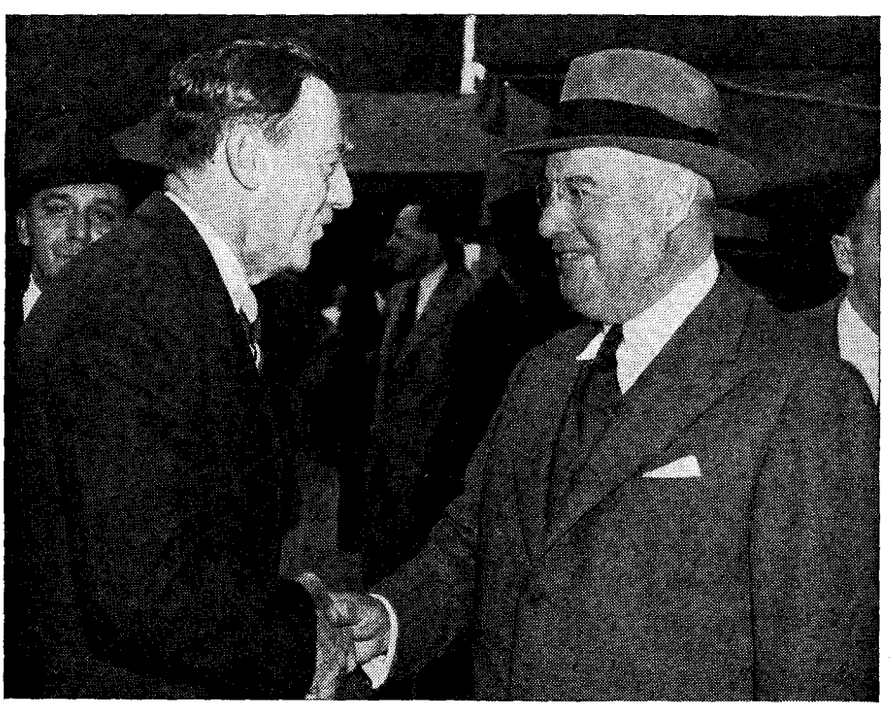
EX-GOVERNOR Edge marched with a schoolboy fife-and-drum corps in General Grant's funeral parade. Since then he has made himself a successful newspaper publisher (Atlantic City), an advertising millionaire, New Jersey's Republican Governor in two world wars, twice its United States Senator, and President Hoover's Ambassador to France.

So an air of self-congratulation on having made many right judgments creeps into the Edge memoir—which is what this book is, rather than in any true sense a "journal." Young Edge, for instance, joined the Republican party in 1896. "I had only to look around me," he writes, "to satisfy myself at least that all the 'best men' were Republicans." He never since has strayed from that belief.

In fact, as a Senate crony from 1918 on, Edge was practically an "original Harding man." He participated in the maneuvers of the smoke-filled room which resulted in the genial Warren Gamaliel's 1920 nomination for the Presidency, and advised the President-elect on the choice of a somewhat notorious cabinet. The "Jerseyman's Journal" indicates that he still feels fine about this; especially about giving Herbert Clark Hoover a chance to become a Republican by pushing his appointment with Harding as Secretary of Commerce.

Nevertheless, as party stalwarts go, Mr. Edge was teachable. The GOP's infatuation with the political expediencies of prohibition never stopped him from being a wet die-hard in the Volstead era. As leader of the opposition in the New Jersey Legislature, he got along well with Governor Woodrow Wilson, and writes of him with traces of personal liking. As United States Senator during the 1919-20 League of Nations fight, he saw that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's efforts to wreck the League were "too drastic" and motivated by Lodge's "personal enmity" for President Wilson. He served his enlistment in the GOP trenches, but only as a "mild reservationist."

His 1929-33 service in the Paris embassy showed Edge enough about upcoming troubles in Europe to spare him future temptations to play with the GOP isolationist bloc in the politics of the late 1930's. He was one of



—*Acme.*

"Walter E. Edge blows a sad horn for modest merits."

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those New Deal-haters who basically supported Franklin Roosevelt's foreign policies. Finally, during his second term in the Trenton Governorship, Mr. Edge led an unsuccessful battle for modernization of the New Jersey constitution, the echoes of which haven't died yet.

A more respectable public service career could hardly be expected of a conservative businessman without any special talents for statesmanship. Edge, furthermore, seems to have been rendered insensible to most of the basic changes underlying the troubles of our times, by the complacency of his success. But as an autobiographer, he blows a sad horn for modest merits.

He writes in a style which might have been modeled on the Honorable Richard Wiggington Thompson's (President Hayes's Secretary of the Navy) "Personal Recollections of Sixteen Presidents." ". . . I sensed a mutual interest," he says of the courtship of his wife. "Suffice it to say, I was there, and our engagement was announced shortly thereafter."

Also the book has crucial touches of the disingenuous. A politico intimately on the ground during the Harding era's scandals surely could say more of them than that "as history has demonstrated [they] were mistakes of the heart rather than of the mind." As a self-portrait of a superior GOP old-guardsman "Jerseyman's Journal" has moderate historical value. Otherwise, its charms will be mainly for the author's friends.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 284

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 284 will be found in the next issue.

D USDNZMZS UISWRCI D

ARTUQ SWDA TUSZOZA

DFWSVT WV UIZ MZD

DVA WVZ UWWG SWWU

DVA CSZO JVUW D

USZZ. — TLDMM EZCJVVJVCT.

—FIDSMZT LDFGDQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 283

Train up a child in the way he should go, and walk there yourself, once in a while.

—Josh Billings.

On the Agitation Front

TOMORROW IS BEAUTIFUL. By Lucy Robins Lang. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 303 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by Mark Starr

MRS. LANG vividly pictures her early days in the Ukraine and gives fascinating insights into old-time Jewish customs as they impressed a precocious child. Coming to the United States as a nine-year-old, she reacted vigorously against the slums and low wages and became an admirer and friend of anarchist Emma Goldman.

She was a child worker in a Chicago still excited by the Haymarket bombing and the judicial revenge taken by law and order. She toured many parts of the United States, always in touch with the rebel elements and enthusiastic about the radicals with whom she worked.

Apparently her way to get entry into the inner chambers of the great and near-great was to write a personal letter of fierce denunciation; likewise the toughest of labor conventions succumbed to her tears. Later she reversed her attitude toward Samuel Gompers from contempt (normal for the radical of that era) to fervent admiration. (Gompers reciprocated this to the extent of proposing marriage in his declining years.) Her last big effort was to help free conscientious objectors and the World War I political prisoners, of whom Debs was the best known.

The difficult chores of organizing meetings, deputations, publicity, and reconciling warring elements in the stage army of the radicals are described in lively, realistic fashion. Mrs. Lang's protest against social injustice and the persecution of radical opinion and her own nostalgic memories of early childhood remind one strongly of Rose Pesotta's "Bread Upon the Waters." Only Miss Pesotta did not effect a later reconcilation with official AFL leaders.

Logically enough, such early rebels (including Mrs. Lang's first printer husband) became the most bitter and thorough critics of the Soviet regime which many of them had championed in its early stages. Their bright dream became a bestial nightmare. Mrs. Lang's story is a personal and engaging account of her own participation in many strangely-assorted agitations and of her tragic visit to her old Russian home in contrast to the inspiring short inspection of Palestine. Naturally, she looms much larger in her own account than one might expect from the paucity of references in the life stories of Gompers and other leaders with whom she claims to have been in intimate and daily contact.

There are, it seems to this reviewer, some minor errors. Margaret Bondfield, long-time leader of the British Trade Union Congress, and first woman member of the British Cabinet, will be surprised to know that she presumed "to criticize the signing of contracts with employers." Then, too, the assertion that William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, "was related to Keir Hardie" is news to the latter's son-in-law and official biographer, Emrys Hughes. And Louis Nelson modestly disowns the honor of being vice-president of the ILGWU.

Mrs. Lang, without dates or proof, asserts that William Green originated the idea of Labor attaches. Credit for practical application surely goes to Ernest Bevin, who, before 1943, had already placed in Washington and elsewhere effective Labor attaches who, unlike those appointed years later by our State Department, were not required to have college training. Bevin in 1943 made strong personal pleas, through the medium of the writer of this review, to Green and Murray to follow the British example.

To say that the CIO "got involved in political conflicts and lost the United Mine Workers" is certainly Hamlet without the ghost—and a particularly heavy-browed, stentorian-voiced ghost at that. However, in a book so full of details and with so many names mentioned, such slips are pardonable.

Mrs. Lang's personalized story merits perusal by the second generation of immigrants and by native sons, because she shows that, despite the horrors of early exploitation, the tomorrow of these Americans-by-choice became more beautiful, and that they developed a fierce loyalty to the democratic institutions, with the hope and determination to enrich them.

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—*From "Art in Federal Buildings."*

Detail of Frieze in Cincinnati, O., Post Office.

The Father of New France

CHAMPLAIN: THE LIFE OF FORTITUDE. By Morris Bishop. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 364 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE sea and the wilderness are great teachers of fortitude, and Samuel de Champlain was tutored by both throughout his life of incessant adventure and hardship. His career exemplifies so many traits besides fortitude, however, that it hardly seems fair to emphasize that quality in a subtitle.

"Champlain, renowned for valor," once wrote a Jesuit who probably knew of his exploits in the army of Henry of Navarre as well as in battle against the Iroquois. He was as good as he was brave: a kindly man in an age of cruelty, treating the Indians with tolerant consideration, and an honest man in an age of deceit, always faithful to his word and his duty. Above all, he was a man of vision, who discerned the necessity for careful attention to agriculture and other economic factors if a strong New France were ever to materialize in the New World. Great as an explorer, the hero of twelve voyages, he was equally great as an administrator.

Mr. Bishop was given opportunity for his biography by the broad range of source publications brought out since the earlier lives (Dix, Colby, Flenley); particularly in the seven-volume edition of Champlain's works completed only a few years ago by the Champlain Society. Not even Captain John Smith was readier with the pen than the French navigator and colonizer. Completing his first voyage to America in 1603—a voyage in which he ascended the St. Lawrence to the Lachine Rapids, and heard enough from the Indians of the great lakes beyond to whet his desire for further exploration—he hastened to publish his first book, "The Savage." Thereafter, his busy life of action was matched by equal diligence with the pen. His career, so far as America is concerned, falls into two divisions, one concerned with discovery, the other with the governing of New France. It was in an interval of the second, spent in Europe, that he brought out the final edition of his voyages; a work as well worth acquaintance as (say) William Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."

This compact, graphically written biography, uniting literary grace with scholarly accuracy and completeness, provides a means of knowing both the man and his writings. It is one of its virtues that it draws so heavily upon Champlain's books that it is an abstract of them as well as a history of the great adventurer himself. Mr. Bishop relates his hero's impressive labors: his exploits year after year in New England waters, along the St. Lawrence, in "Huronia," up the Ottawa, and south of Lake Ontario. He also gives us a long gallery of brightly drawn pictures as seen through Champlain's own eyes: peril among icebergs on the Banks, imminent dangers among the treacherous savages, battles of Hurons with the Iroquois (not least the engagement of 1615, which some historians would place among the decisive battle of American history, for the Iroquois victory barred what is now upper New York to the Huron-French alliance), life in the smoky wigwams and in the snow-choked forest, scenes of death from scurvy, business interviews with fur-traders, activities in ship-building and fort-building, and above all the great labor of colony-building. As Mr. Bishop says, Champlain's happiest years were not those spent in mapping wild new coasts or threading the trackless forest but the period 1633-34, when he held sole command at Quebec, and, sustained by the affection of the colonists and the confidence of Richelieu and the royal authorities, could give full play to his ideas for the development of a great French province in the valley of the St. Lawrence, along the shores of the Great Lakes, and in that farther West which he sent Jean Nicolet to penetrate.

A remarkable man, whose fame is kept well burnished in Canada but who, despite Parkman's record of his work, is little known to Americans. Mr. Bishop's carefully planned and beautifully written book should do something to extend his renown among us.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Blake: "Songs of Innocence." 2. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 3. Southey: "The Battle of Blenheim." 4. Shelley: "The Indian Serenade." 5. Byron: "Maid of Athens." 6. Tennyson: "Idyll from The Princess." 7. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 8. Browning: "Woman's Last Word." 9. Whitman: "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." 10. De la Mare: "The Listeners." 11. James Stephens: "What Thomas an Buile Said in a Pub." 12. Brooke: "The Soldier." 13. Shakespeare: "Henry VIII." 14. Bible: "Ruth." 15. Foster: "Old Kentucky Home." 16. A. E. Housman: "Be Still, My Soul." 17. Kipling: "Mandalay." 18. Ralph Hodgson: "Time, You Old Gypsy Man." 19. Shakespeare: "Henry IV." 20. Charles Kingsley: "The Sands of Dee."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Down with the Inevitables

THE doorbell rang. It was my friend, the Connecticut farmer.

"It's all right; you can let me in," he said, "I'm not going to pass along any more election jokes—not even the one about Dewey snatching defeat out of the jaws of victory."

I showed him into the living room and he warmed his hands behind him in front of the fire. I could tell he had something on his mind—probably the election, or he wouldn't have mentioned it. "Well," I probed, "you've had two weeks to percolate about the Great Reversal; what do you make of it?"

Apparently, I had touched the right button. The farmer's face lit up. "Just what I wanted to see you about," he said. "Was anxious to try some of my notions on you for size.

"Thing that struck me most about the election aftermath was that almost everyone seemed so happy about it—including those who voted for Mr. Dewey. There was something special in the air after the elections. I can't quite describe it. It had a real lift to it, a sort of tonic that gave America as a whole the type of pickup it needed and hadn't had for many years. Even the air seemed washed and clean—as it does after a heavy rain.

"Why did we all feel so good? I've got an idea that a large part of the uplift feeling goes beyond politics. Otherwise, so many people who voted on the losing side wouldn't have been so genuinely thrilled. I think it goes beyond the kick you get out of seeing the underdog put up a whale of a scrap against heavy odds and come out the winner. I think it even goes beyond the wonderfully perverse satisfaction you get when the professional know-it-all boys and the high-and-mighty scientific research specialists get their whiskers singed in public.

"My idea is that this election—again politics aside — satisfied something deep in human nature. Man loves the unpredictable. The certainties and the inevitables often either bore him or frighten him. He knows that the supreme certainty of life is death. But the unpredictables capture his imagination. He speculates. He gambles. He exalts chance. The stories he loves most in his literature are those in which the unexpected happens—the snapper endings, the unusual twists. The world's favorite question, in all languages, is: "What do you think will happen?" And staggering sums are spent each year in an attempt to find out. That is why experts are called experts, and why such huge sums are spent in marketing research and public-opinion polls.

"All of which brings us up to the Presidential campaign. It was a big event—not only for America, but for the world, considering how much of world history revolves about America these days. And the outcome was considered as predictable as the next phase of the moon.

"It is a healthy thing every once in a while to have so many people proved so wrong. It helps to restore more of a balance in your outlook on life. It helps to put back some of the essential mystery into life. It's a good idea to get over this fad of Inevitability about this thing or that. What we need is less omniscience about Inevitability and more cranial ventilation."

He paused. "Now," he said, looking at me over his glasses through narrowed eyes, "you know what I'm leading up to. You. Yes, you. There's a lesson in all this that can do you a lot of good.

"I go along with those world government ideas of yours, but there's one thing about your approach that nettles me. It's that note of doom in so much of what you write. Every once in a while you strike something of a hopeful spark, but the net of your writing seems to be that things are closing in fast and that we haven't much of a chance.

"Come, now, fella, perk up; it's still a pretty unpredictable world and no one anywhere knows enough to say anything is inevitable or to know exactly how things are going to turn out. What do you say to all that?"

There wasn't anything I could say. My friend the Connecticut farmer had caught me with my Inevitables down.

—N. C.

Roark Bradford

ROARK BRADFORD'S recent death, following that of Lyle Saxon, one of his oldest friends, has taken from New Orleans two writers who helped to bring about the cultural and romantic revival of that ancient city. Mr. Bradford lived and entertained in the French Quarter, in the earliest apartment house built in the United States. The summer always found him in Santa Fé. While Lyle Saxon was devoted to the city and to the old plantations along the Mississippi, his younger friend was delving into Negro folklore and Negro life. His second short story won the O. Henry prize twenty-one years ago. The next year he wrote "'Ol Man Adam and His

Westerling

By Douglas V. Kane

THE WESTERING pennon of the sun waves toward California,
Where the sky is a blue helmet upon the heads of mountains;
The manzanitas sentinel the trails, with glazed leaves
Eyeing vacuities; and the winds are dry swords
That cleave away fungi clinging from the cities.
Up, up fly the peaks, floating in the hot air,
With ridges redwood-green, and trails scratchingly defined
Against the sheer slopes to the forest-ranger's eyrie
On Tamalpais—where birds pecked their morning bread
From the toss of that single watcher of fires,
Who peers toward Hamilton on the Peninsula,
And Diablo in the East, where the volcanic grape yields
Blond or garnet wine. On Lookout Point,
Where the rail leans against the emptiness
Of two thousand feet, and sturdy rock forms a nook
From the winds—there, O crusader of heights,
Sit and dream into the blue flame that roofs the day!
Ride bodiless through breath of conifers
Into the holocaustal sun, and with renewed, emblazoned wing
Hover, phoenix-free, above the deep Edens of the valley.

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Chillun," which was turned into one of the best and certainly the most successful Negro plays ever written, "Green Pastures." The Bradfords always had time to give the inquiring visitor, and his friends were innumerable. He lived a full and busy life; he was a skilled fisherman and horseman, a student, a talented writer, and a fascinated listener who could catch the colorful and sad nuances in sung and storied legend of the deep South.
—H. S.

Bookmarks

ENGLAND'S abolition of the death penalty is certain to have a serious effect on her output of crime literature. Even the dullest British mystery always managed to work up some suspense because the reader knew that at the end must come a foggy dawn and the spring of the trap at Pentonville. But how can one develop hypertension over the certainty that the villain, once he is unmasked, will merely pass the rest of his days picking oakum at Wormwood Scrubs?

* * *

Mystery-story writers, in their efforts to outdo one another, are perpetually in search of novelties, and so with all the good will in the world we offer these admittedly radical suggestions:

1. Permit every telephone call to be completed at the other end, rather than to terminate in a strangled gasp, a thud, and silence.
2. Allow any character to open any door without getting sandbagged.
3. When the corpse is first disclosed, have it stick around, rather than be whisked out of sight before the police arrive.
4. Employ one corpse only.

* * *

There is a powerful lot about New Orleans in recent fiction, and the phenomenon doesn't appear to be collusive. Regionalism seems to run in cycles. What part of America, we wonder, has been most neglected by American novelists? Occasionally we enjoy reading a novel that isn't regional at all (or makes believe it isn't) and trying to guess what particular area the author has in mind. Almost always there is a giveaway of some sort—the heroine "drove over to Pittsburgh for lunch"—that kind of thing. Sometimes location slips out in dialect, and while such evidence may not exactly pinpoint the setting as Ward Four in Atlanta, it at least narrows the possibilities. Food, of course, provides admirable clues—if the characters are eating chitlins and black-eyed peas (which aren't peas at all), they certainly aren't from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

* * *

An occasional novel which prints the disclaimer "All of the characters in this book are imaginary," and so on, might better substitute for that notice the following: "None of the characters in this book is very well imagined."

* * *

Novels are getting both shorter and longer. They contain either 206 or 1,067 pages. What has become of the fine old orthodox 353-pager?

* * *

What is the regulation gift for the first wedding anniversary? Paper, we had always been led to believe. Well, it seems that, from here on out, it's going to be clocks. That's what the Jewelry Industrial Council says. And who gave the Jewelry Industrial Council authority in the matter? Ans.: The Jewelry Industrial Council.

What is (or has been) the regulation gift for the fourth wedding anniversary? Seems the answer used to be books. But after this it's going to be electrical appliances. The Jewelry Industrial Council says so.

There is one thing a person is bound to admire about the new schedule of anniversary offerings which the J.I.C. has come up with. You may be thinking that the J.I.C. would have tried to work a piece of its own merchandise into *every* anniversary. But the J.I.C. is much too broadminded for that. "Live and let live" is its motto (a possible misreading for "Give and yet give"). Heretofore, for instance, only the twenty-fifth anniversary has been generally signalized by showers of silver. The J.I.C., as easily as not, could have made every anniversary, or at least every other, a silver occasion. But it didn't. With a sense of restraint that other merchandisers might envy, it has awarded silver merely to the fifth, sixteenth, and twenty-fifth anniversaries. And the sixteenth isn't for real solid stuff, but just for "silver holloware." That's the way they spell it—holloware.

Booksellers are at liberty to adopt the J.I.C. schedule if they so desire. They are equally at liberty to suggest to the J.I.C. that its members pull silver holloware champagne buckets over their heads and take a collective dive into a glass showcase.
—J. T. W.

"Here's one into which you can put the entire contents of a woman's purse."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Doctor Faustus" Understood

SIR: I read Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus" about half a year ago—the German original. Since then I have read all the reviews about it which have appeared in papers and magazines. Please permit me to congratulate you on the review by Claude Hill [*SRL* Oct. 30]. So far Claude Hill's review is the only one I have seen which displays a complete understanding of the work.

WILLY LEY.

Montvale, N. J.

Muddled Political Practitioner?

SIR: May I point out that in his letter ("Eighth Illusion) [*SRL* Oct. 23] on my "Peace Pipe Dreams" [Sept. 18], Mr. Duncan Aikman reveals himself as the kind of muddled practitioner who, unsure of his diagnosis, insists on dosing an ailing patient with all "the bottles in the family medicine chest"?

Truly frightening, in my judgment, is the self-assurance of those contemporary political doctors who, while admitting that they cannot accurately diagnose the condition, nevertheless insist on prescribing everything in the medicine chest for it and who then defend their failures to cure on the ground that the "truth about nations is . . . frighteningly complicated."

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Wandering in the realms of your columnist voluminous Edgar Ansel Mowrer I've wondered where his millions of words were buzzing toward. In all his plethoric logomachy evidently meant to express his abomination of Sovietism he has not betrayed an iota of comprehension of Ricardo's rent law or Marx's theory of surplus.

But the feat of rising above the morass of the Churchillian ideology does not require retirement to Shangri-la—merely six years' toil in a Pittsburgh steel mill followed by two years' casual labor and unemployment while trying to keep a wife and six disinherited tykes from living without vitamins A, B, C, and a little D.

FRED W. O'HANRAHAN.

Staten Island, N. Y.

Super Duper

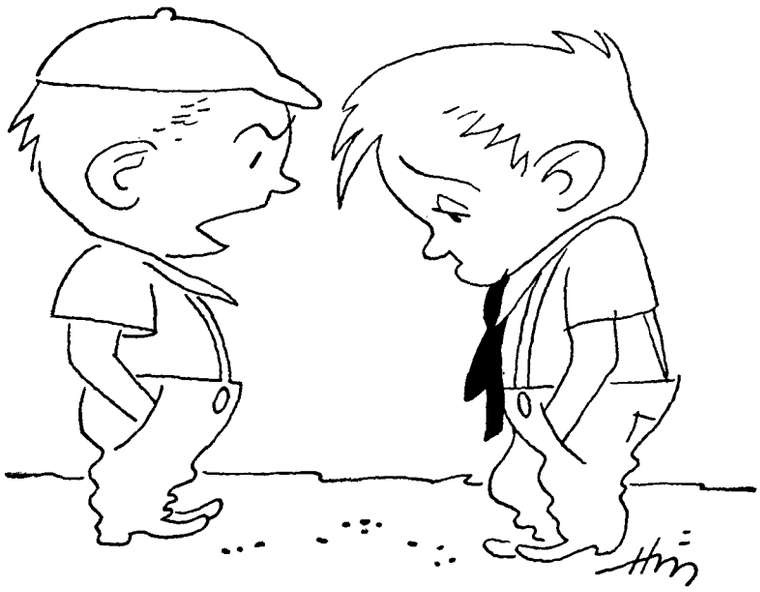
SIR: Dr. Bryn J. Hovde is quoted in the editor's note Nov. 13, in prefacing the excerpts of his address before the World Congress of Intellectuals in Poland, as saying:

> After the first speech, by the Soviet novelist Fadiejev, a speech which for vituperation was never excelled and which set the tone of the Congress, I got busy and wrote an answer, a tough one . . .

I have read and re-read Dr. Hovde's remarks but can find nothing that one would be justified in terming "tough." He has completely failed to tell the Congress that it is the Soviet Government that is the super labor exploiter, the super monopolist, the super political oppressor and murderer of untold millions of Russian men, women, and children, and as far as the rest of the world is concerned—the super imperialist.

J. ANTHONY MARCUS.

New York, N. Y.



"Whatsa matter . . . you manic-depressive or somethin'?"

Something Colossal

SIR: John Wharton has given the public just about the most incisive piece that I have seen in current writing—particularly outside of the definitely religious press. "The Scientific Production of Love" [*SRL* Oct. 30] is one of the boldest essays that I have perused in many years. As a religionist I want to say that here is something objective, something reasoned to a nicety, something persuasive, something psychologically colossal. The idea that the brain, like the heart and the lungs, as already proven, has a definite rhythm, is all but staggering in its implications. The idea of the fused "I"—or what I think of as the coordinate self—a unified physiological, mental, emotional Self having bearing on health, happiness, and love, is a philosophy at once sanely religious and yet essentially scientific-psychological.

THOMAS F. OPIE.

Great Barrington, Mass.

SIR: John Wharton writes, "There must exist today plenty of men and women who could not only apply his methods, but could improve them. Indeed, there probably exist men and women who have already improved them."

There are in this country persons who are teaching the application of a principle of coordination which helps the pupil to become increasingly aware of how he himself interferes with normal coordination. A number of the teachers, and students as well, would heartily welcome a scientific investigation of their claims.

I bolster my support of the request for investigation by quoting the words of John Dewey in a preface to one of the books of the original discoverer and teacher of this principle, F. M. Alexander,* of London: "Mr. Alexander has applied to our ideas and beliefs about ourselves and our acts exactly the same method of experimentation and of production of new sensory observations as tests and means of developing thought that have been the source of all progress in the physical sciences."

JANE D. SHENTON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Davis and the King

SIR: Being moved as I have never before been in my life by Elmer Davis's review of "Roosevelt and Hopkins" [*SRL* Oct. 23], I take this opportunity to protest against your present tendency to turn book reviews over to one-sided reviewers. Mr. Davis was one of the gang and is now attempting with a "king-can-do-no-wrong" attitude, to deify Roosevelt. This, I think disqualifies him as a reviewer, just as I might be disqualified on similar grounds, but for opposite reasons. I know that disinterested reviewers of books about Roosevelt must be hard to find these days, but for God's sake let's have someone more impartial than Mr. Davis.

BOOTH WILLIAMSON.

Peoria, Ill.

Collaborator, Real Enough

SIR: I hope sincerely that I was not the only one of your readers to be both shocked and disturbed by Crane Brinton's review of "The Diary of Pierre Laval" with introduction by Josée Laval [*SRL* Oct. 2].

The "real" collaborators, Brinton says, asked for active alliance with Germany. Does Laval's signature of the Nazi decrees condemning hundreds of Frenchmen to forced labor in Ger-

* *Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual.*

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many not make him a "real" collaborator? In heaven's name what does he mean by reality? Does Laval's signing of death sentences for Resistance workers under circumstances of appalling horror, not have a dim element of the real? Or can Mr. Brinton see it all as a fanciful fairy tale? If so, he is luckier than those of us who have seen ourselves or heard eyewitness accounts of these things.

Brinton concludes with the astonishing statement that "after his fashion—not a very noble one—he [Laval] was faithful to Marianne." Words fail one! One is reminded of the wise words of Simone Beauvoir, "You must be aware of the actual meaning of the words that you are using. After the fall of France, the words leader and nation were still used by Petain and others, but they had so changed as to no longer have any meaning." So with Mr. Brinton's Marianne; she cannot be the Marianne who held high the torch of the finest, subtlest civilization in Europe. It is true that at the moment that hand is a trifle or more than a trifle, uncertain, the light from her torch is dim, diffused, even at times a little smoky. Let us give it time to clear. Three invasions in one lifetime do not make for steady nerves.

KATHERINE DAY LITTLE.

Boston, Mass.

Definitions of Love

SIR: I certainly was glad to read another's opinion on the subject of love and romance when I read "The Romantic Route to Divorce," by Denis de Rougemont [*SRL* Nov. 13]. I read it over a few times so I could digest it slowly and get its true meaning. But every time that I went over it I became more and more confused as to the author's meaning of love, romance, and passion.

The author clearly defines each separately and then before you can say "well written" he contradicts himself. He says that the type of love in which modern-day marriage is consummated on is romance. Later on his meaning of love envelopes certain characteristics such as social level, education, and so on. Two sentences later he states "no one will deny for a minute that in a healthy social order love and romance must play a certain role. But in this case it should play the minor and final role in a catalyst . . ."

Then M. de Rougemont combines remote love and romance as practically synonymous. He also points out what emotion is and "that the violence of emotion is in direct proportion to the solidarity of the obstacles and not at all the real feelings of the lovers . . ." Then remote love, "suffers in languishing . . . thrives on absence . . . ," which are obstacles. And so things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. We have now, remote love, romance, emotion and probably passion as being synonymous.

Amusing but confusing.

M. de Rougemont has some very good points, and I am sure has thought out his reasons through hard work and concentration. But I am certain that I am not the only one he has confused in his dual meanings of the important definitions of love, romance and others.

ROBERT K. MORTON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW EDITIONS

WHEN Georges Bernanos died recently, France lost one of its most vigorous Catholic authors, a master of polemics whose intelligence ranged freely, audaciously, and combatively within the limits prescribed by his faith. He won fame as a novelist, of course, but his novels were of a very special kind, for the theologian in him sometimes dominated the artist, the soldier of God gave orders to the writer of fiction, and he was frequently engrossed in religious problems and situations of a kind that must seem abstruse indeed to many unbelievers.

"The Diary of a Country Priest," reissued by Macmillan ($3.50), is a case in point. Although this narrative of a young priest's dedicated, difficult life has gone through six American printings, it is still fair to say that Bernanos's novels do not cross national, linguistic, and religious frontiers as easily as do those of François Mauriac, for example. One cannot compare them to a local wine which does not "travel" well, since their basic themes are universal rather than parochial, but it is a fact that their appeal to those of us who are neither French nor Catholic is less strong than that exerted by the fiction of several other French-Catholic writers; it is a fact that the world peopled by Bernanos's characters is one that a foreigner and an agnostic enters with difficulty—one in which sympathetic participation and identification, by such a reader, can be enjoyed only at the cost of determined effort. There is gold in "The Diary of a Country Priest," but the six editions must have been made possible by readers who could approach the novel with faith, and with a personal interest in problems of grace and the Church's role in the world.

"The Short Stories of Henry James," selected by Clifton Fadiman, first published in 1945, is now a Modern Library Giant ($2.45). This valuable collection brings together seventeen examples of James's shorter fiction, from "Four Meetings" (1877) to "The Jolly Corner" (1909). Mr. Fadiman's critical notes and introduction display a lively intelligence, and the enthusiasm which often attends conversion, whether literary or religious, at a mature age. I cannot help believing that the present discoverers of James, intent on doing him belated justice, sometimes, in specific instances, exaggerate their author's merits. To Mr. Fadiman, "The Beast in the Jungle," for example, is a specimen of "the highest art." He dwells on its "universal" significance, and on Marcher as "un-Faustian" man; and he has authorities to support him. But, in my dissenting opinion, Marcher is never sufficiently "particularized" as a character to make what does, or does not, happen to him universally significant, or even important. He is the bloodless pawn of a tragi-comic anecdote, he is a marker in a demonstration, and May Bartram is hardly more alive than he.

Charles Neider's "Short Novels of the Masters" (Rinehart, $4) justifies its title by being, for the most part, a muster of masterpieces. Here are Flaubert's "A Simple Heart," Mann's "Death in Venice," Kafka's "The Metamorphosis," Dostoievsky's "Notes from Underground," and famous stories by Melville, Lawrence, Joyce, Chekhov, James, and Tolstoy. Mr. Neider's critical remarks on James are particularly shrewd, although he, too, greatly admires "The Beast in the Jungle." He relies heavily on psychoanalysis, and his nose for latent homosexuality is perhaps over-keen; but he is always interesting, and the reader will find his ideas are stimulating.

Frederic Wakeman's career has, it seems to me, followed the gliding angle of a brick. "Shore Leave" (now a Signet Book, 35¢) was at least rooted in reality, even if it was not as good as some reviewers thought, and "The Hucksters" was only half-phony, but "The Saxon Charm" (Grosset, $1) is embarrassingly all-phony. Budd Schulberg, working on the same level as that of Matt Saxon's story, has turned in a far more professional job with his prizefight yarn "The Harder They Fall" (Grosset, $1.49). Mr. Schulberg does not write absurdly stilted dialogue, and he knows that fictional characters are only what an author makes them be—not what he says they are. . . . As regards Laura Hobson's "Gentlemen's Agreement" (Grosset, $1.49), there are two views. You may consider it an "important" novel, or as I do, a smooth, slick exploitation of an important subject.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Poetry.

Poetry is a particularly sensitive barometer of the atmospheric pressures of the age. Professor Wells's discussion of the personalists and impersonalists in American poetry, who have but mirrored the deep cleavages of this century, is studied below. Likewise the endeavors of seven various poets to interpret their times undergoes analysis, and the separate fields of poetic translation and of anthologizing receive attention. In the first a brilliant attempt has apparently been made to transpose into our own tongue the work of a particularly untranslatable French poet, in the second there has been a laudable effort to introduce us to the best in the poetry of a near neighbor, Canada. It all adds up to abundant proof of the vitality of poetry in the mid-twentieth-century world.

Personalists and Impersonalists

WHERE POETRY STANDS NOW
By Henry W. Wells. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1948. 81 *pp.* $2.25.

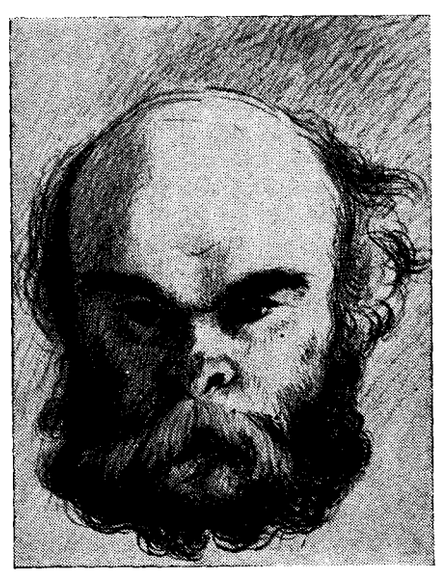
Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

THIS controversial little volume should start some stimulating arguments among both practitioners and followers of modern poetry. In directing our attention once more to the vexed question of the relationship of the poet to society, Dr. Wells diverges sharply from current critical practice, which he does not hesitate to call "obscurantist." As far as this reviewer is concerned, that is all to the good.

Nobody with the interests of poetry at heart can be happy to see some of our most talented poets frittering away their creative energies in a corner, while the heedless world of the common man, so badly in need of the integration that poetry can help to supply, "rides rapidly off in all directions," like the character in Leacock's "Nonsense Novels." So Dr. Wells takes a dim view of poetry at present, which he finds to be largely under the sway of two schools of extremists: the personalists and the impersonalists. "Extreme personalism," he suggests, "may be described as egocentricity; extreme impersonalism is often synonymous with banality." But "good poetry . . . most equally and successfully combines personal and impersonal qualities."

The book drives towards its goal with admirable directness. In "The Ascendancy of Personalism," Dr. Wells singles out such poets as Emily Dickinson, Ezra Pound, Kenneth Patchen, Elinor Wylie, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, Mark Van Doren, and Marianne Moore for thumbnail critiques. In "The Ascendancy of Impersonalism," the author crosses the dividing line to look at such exemplars of the impersonalists as Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Archibald MacLeish, and Robinson Jeffers. All of these poets, irrespective of merit ("The merit of a poet does not strictly depend on the school to which he belongs"), go to one extreme or the other.

Poetry stands now, it would seem, like the rodeo rider who has one foot on one horse, the other on another, and is in imminent danger of falling off or being torn asunder: Pegasus has become two horses, rather than one. The picture is not all dark, however; the author observes that some latter-day poets, at least, have shown encouraging signs of riding both horses at once with nearly perfect balance—among these Herman Melville, Hart Crane, Robert Frost, E. E. Cummings, and William Carlos Williams are notable. They are "Moving Toward Re-Integration."



—Portrait by Anquetin.

Paul Verlaine: ". . . always the nuance is supreme."

Is this a trend? Is it something we can depend upon? Wells thinks it is. Though his conclusion ("The Trend toward Humanism") admits that the reintegration of poetry must wait in some degree upon the reintegration of our divided society, he thinks that the process is under way, both in poetry and in the larger framework within which poetry must operate:

> After long weakening, our world fell apart during the period of its world wars. . . . We are merely attempting to put the pieces together again, to put an end to the brutal, materialistic and inhuman philosophy implicit in the poetry of Robinson Jeffers; to put an end to the snobbish estheticism desiccating the more recent verse of Wallace Stevens; to put an end to the crude Socialism of the early verse of Carl Sandburg; to put an end to the stupid frustration and barren metaphysics of T. S. Eliot; and to advance to poetry of a new, more genial, and more catholic era.

To which, with the exception of the reference to Stevens (who, it seems to me, is dealt too harshly with), this reviewer says Amen.

Music First of All

PAUL VERLAINE: Selected Poems. Translated by C. F. MacIntyre. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1948. 228 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FRANCIS B. MCCARTHY

THIS attractively printed volume offers a representative selection of eighty poems chosen from Verlaine's first six books—those on which, by general consent, his reputation is acknowledged to rest. In accordance with the helpful and sensible practice of most contemporary translators, the French and English texts face each other across the page—a species of confrontation calculated, I should suspect, to daunt all but the most devoted and expert practitioners of the craft of literal, but living, translation. Among these, on the strength of past and present achievement, Mr. MacIntyre certainly deserves to be reckoned, though no translator can hope for more than a limited success in rendering the work of a poet so essentially untranslatable as Verlaine, whose entire greatness resides not in what he says but in the personal, and perfect, way in which he says it.

All too completely for the comfort of any translator, Verlaine lived up to the precepts of his own "L'Art Poétique": his verse *is* "music first of all," and in it "always the nuance is supreme." Except in this very poem (which, because it is an exception,

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translates more impeccably than any of the others), he follows his own advice to flee the making of epigrams. The otherwise entire absence of readily translatable aphorisms does not signify that their place has been taken in his work by a system of integrated symbols, or even by an abundance of the kind of limited but sharp-edged images which can be almost as vivid in one language as another. Rather, Verlaine's best verse reads like a bit of esthetic magic contrived through the joint collaboration of Debussy, the Impressionist painters, and the unregenerate ghost of François Villon. Unfortunately for the translator, the synthesis, which is pure Verlaine, is also pure sensibility and, as such, essentially uncapturable in any accents but the poet's own.

Nevertheless, Mr. MacIntyre has frequently come as close to achieving the impossible as any translator could hope to come. Verlaine's form is so integral a part of his communication that I do not see how the attempt, which Mr. MacIntyre makes, to reproduce his meter and rhyming could honestly have been avoided, though to have done so would have eased immensely the burden to which the literal translator is committed. All of these renderings have groups of lines which miraculously re-create their originals. Several almost sustain the miracle throughout entire poems. Finally, the preface and notes afford the soundest and most suggestive brief critique of Verlaine's work that I know of in English.

Seven of Merit

47th STREET. By Frank Marshall Davis. Prairie City, Ill.: The Decker Press. 1948. 105 *pp.* $2.50.

POEMS. By David Ignatow. The same. 99 *pp.* $2.50.

CRAW OF MEMORY. By George Kauffman. The same. 46 *pp.* $2.

A STRANGE MIXTURE. By George Kolas. The same. 53 *pp.* $2.

AFTERMOODS. By Roy Coleman. The same. 93 *pp.* $2.50.

A TURN OF THE LIGHTER. By Bonnie Day. The same. 51 *pp.* $2.

THE ISLAND and Other Poems. By Ingeborg Kayko. The same. 104 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

IN these seven recent books from the Decker Press there is a wide spread of merit, technique, and topic, but no evidence of genius overlooked. We have two women and five men, one of them a Negro of considerable eloquence. Frank Marshall Davis is full of the indignation of a talented young man, and the merits and weaknesses of his poems stem from this fiery concentration on the suffering of his people. What he says is true, but it is not often good poetry. The interesting chant of "47th Street" fades away to the rant of "Peace Quiz for America." Mr. Davis can be tender in an occasional love poem, and coldly analytical in his brief

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by Frederick Kettner

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—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

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metaphysical appraisals of science, religion, and politics. Someday he may learn the art of understatement that is found in the restrained passion of Countee Cullen, or discover the eloquence of his people, as James Weldon Johnson did.

David Ignatow's poetry is a graphic report of ghetto life, a kind of tone poem to be said aloud, and not too pleasantly, while looking at Mark Hellinger's "The Naked City." The poems are talky, personal, and persuasive. There is no compression, little discipline, much dialectical statement. The poetry is there, but only in total effects. The poet suffers with his people, and he asks you to share in his gift of pity. The realism of his reporting often sags in the devices of journalism, but Ignatow is original, his images memorable.

George Kauffman writes as a soldier who served nearly three years in the Pacific campaign. He is an angry poet, angry at war, at Fascism, at the Pacific Coast canneries, at the system which makes the rich smugger and the poor more miserable. His talent is thin, but at times pleasantly lyrical, especially in describing his experience in the expanse of the Pacific, where there is "nothing so lost as a ship at sea." However, we do protest when "the waves arch up so naked, and crash like lovers on the bridal bed."

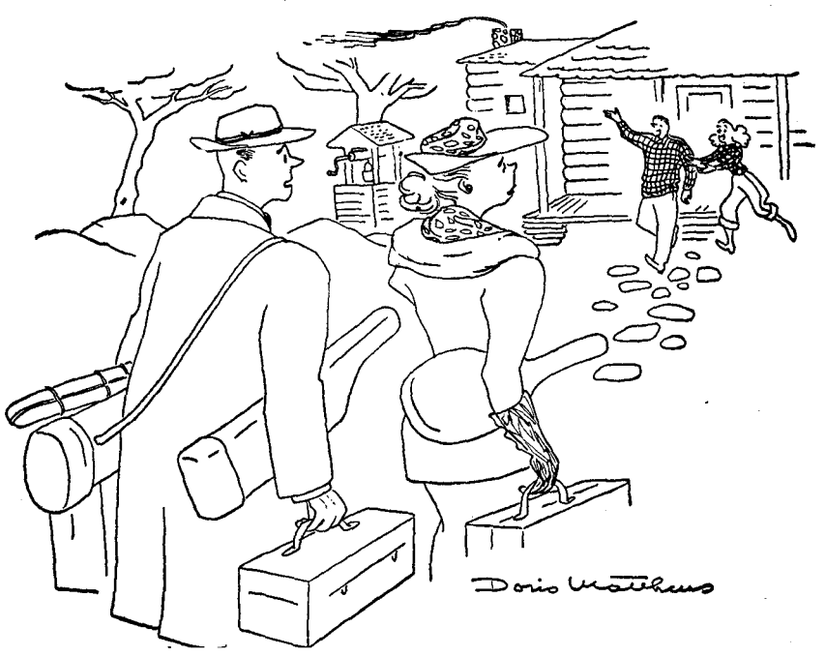
The soldier's point of view also dominates the emotions of George Kolas, whose poems tell us what he saw and how he felt through the Italian campaign. Kolas has a rich vocabulary which encourages him into rhetorical traps. Where the previous poets were harsh, sullen, violent, Kolas has more verbal music. His picture of the nurse weeping at Anzio Beachhead is effective sentiment.

Roy Coleman, we are told on the jacket, has "fathered more than a thousand poems." He reveals a larger canvas of experience than the poets previously discussed, but his prolixity is not altogether a virtue. All he says is interesting, much of it revealing a lively, original intellect, but values are lost in a loose embellishment of his ideas. Coleman is an informed poet and has a wide scope of action. When employing rhyme he often concentrates wisdom and understanding in a few tightly-woven and musical lines.

Bonnie Day is a Southern poet who fashions a competent quatrain, but the basket she weaves holds the little catalogue of nature—songs of sentiment which aim to please, and undoubtedly give pleasure to the lover of birds and flowers.

The themes of Ingeborg Kayko have a wider arc than Bonnie Day's. Born in Germany, she has acquired a large and somewhat awkward vocabulary, which may be due to her urgent effort to conquer a new language. She attempts a variety of verse forms, mostly traditional in rhyme and accent. The poems in the section devoted to her earlier family life have the ring of genuine, heartfelt experience. This strength and authenticity is felt also in the poem "On the Bombing of Marienkirche of Luebeck, April 1942." We listen to Bach's organ:

> Here in the dead air are the movements yet
> his fingers made upon the jubilant keys . . .



"Why, it really *is* a tumble-down shack!"

Survey and Weapon

THE BOOK OF CANADIAN POETRY. Edited by A. J. M. Smith. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1948. 487 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by E. K. Brown

ANTHOLOGIES are usually compiled as surveys or as weapons. The survey anthology is as good as its compiler's knowledge is broad and his taste catholic. The weapon anthology—a much easier kind—depends on sympathetic insight into the particular forms or movements that the compiler wishes to explain and recommend. Mr. Smith, whose anthology of Canadian poetry first published in 1943 is now reissued with some revision and enlargement, has tried to produce both a survey and a weapon.

Mr. Smith specially recommends and explains the poets who have been writing a cerebral and complex kind of verse during the past twenty years. He is one of them, and their poetry satisfies him more deeply than anything else written in Canada. He is ill at ease with poetry directed romantically toward landscape or musing, such as was dominant in Canada from 1880 until about 1930. He knows this romantic poetry well, and as a survey anthologist he appreciates its importance; but as a weapon anthologist he is trying to undermine its primacy over the more recent verse. Some confusion is the result.

In sifting such poets as Carman, Mr. Smith is venturing beyond the limits where his taste can be trusted. An interesting proof is the poem he has chosen to add in this revision to the still sadly inadequate representation of Lampman. It is an uncharacteristic piece, which D. C. Scott, who understood Lampman through and through, omitted from his recent 200-page selection from that beautifully adequate writer.

Despite the limits within which Mr. Smith can work surely, his anthology is the most useful of the larger collections of Canadian poetry and is improved in the new edition. The editorial apparatus is valuable, although there are a few surprising inaccuracies. The introduction to the Knopf edition of E. J. Pratt's poems is mistakingly ascribed to Stephen Vincent Benét instead of to his brother, William Rose Benét, conductor of The Phoenix Nest.

Now professor of English at Cornell, Canadian-born E. K. Brown has taught at the universities of Toronto, Manitoba, Minnesota, and Chicago. He is an authority on Edith Wharton and Matthew Arnold.

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A Conventional Grace

COLLECTED POEMS. By Lilian Bowes Lyon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 191 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ELTON

PREFACED by some politely undiscriminating remarks of C. Day Lewis, Miss Lilian Bowes Lyon's "Collected Poems" contains chosen pieces from previous volumes, "The White Hare" (1934), "Bright Feather Fading" (1936), "Morning Is a Revealing" (1941), "Evening in Stepney" (1943), and "A Rough Walk Home" (1946), several in a revised version. Miss Bowes Lyon, besides being the British Queen's cousin, is an accomplished poet whose verses reveal an exceptional and agreeable skill, as in the following variation in "Leda" on a theme by Yeats:

Love, you were more than rover, robber, ranger;
More than a serpent throat, or silvered thighs.
Alas! We lose the fiery fellow-stranger.
Light on the water hurts our human eyes.

She can write with equal grace and ease of "A Finch in 1932," a "House in Mallorca," "Oxford in November," and "Two Grey Horses"; and, not unexpectedly, there are regularly turned sonnets and a poem in French. Likewise in conventional molds are the Rilkean "Early Light" and "Helen Meditates Before Her Portrait as a Woman" ("Foolish are men, that in a fleeting image would embrace me./My bright Ghost to whom shall I give?"); yet a few of the nature poems, such as "Daybreak" and "Bright Feather Fading," exhibit a distinct Day Lewis tone not in keeping with the others. It is here, where some of the iron which Hopkins put into the soft silk of Tennyson shows itself, that she appears especially condensed and effective.

In general, much British poetry of today seems either a traditional harking back to the Georgians, or a not very daring imitation of the moderns, such as Eliot, dexterous technically, but lacking in force and originality. A fresher and profounder thought, and a more compact and personal form, might raise Miss Bowes Lyon's pleasantly talented verse to a level of distinction she has not yet achieved.

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Seeing Things

BURIED ALIVE

"A CONSCIENTIOUS visitor would no more have missed seeing it than he would have missed seeing the Abbey or the Tower." Thus Louis Kronenberger in "Kings & Desperate Men," his admirable study of English life in the eighteenth century. It was Bedlam that Mr. Kronenberger had in mind; Bedlam, that hospital for the raving mad which has become the synonym for all derangement and confusion; Bedlam, which, as a four-starred item on the tourist's lists of those days, was so popular that tea was served there for the crowds who on a free afternoon would gather just for fun—for good clean sport—to watch the maniacs rave and yell, beat on the walls, and rattle their chains.

It would be nice, at this point, to be smug about the present and insist such cruelty belongs to the past. It would be reassuring, particularly just now when we are hungry for proofs of progress, to maintain that at least in our attitude towards the mentally ill we have grown more merciful. I had thought we had, and still think we have. Yet after hearing the howls of laughter which greeted several of the most anguishing scenes in "The Snake Pit,"* I cannot be as confident as I once was. There were moments during the course of an unusually brave and fine film when the behavior of some people in the audience persuaded me that they had mistaken what they were seeing at the Rivoli for a lark at Bedlam.

No one who read Mary Jane Ward's "The Snake Pit" is apt to have forgotten it. Her novel lingers like a nightmare in the memory. Nor is it likely that anyone who sees the picture which has been made from it will ever forget the film. It is not a film for everyone. It was not meant to be. Count that among its many virtues. Certainly, it is not a movie to be *enjoyed* in any ordinary understanding of the word. There is far too much pain in it for that, too much grief, too much tragedy. It is, however, an exceptional film. It is fascinating, adult, and uncompromising. Moreover it is possessed of a quality almost non-existent, hence unexpected, in Hollywood's products. This is integrity.

All too often the worthiest books become unworthy when the West Coast studios get through with them. Although the California moguls pay fabulous sums for what they purchase, frequently it seems as if they buy merely to spoil what they have paid for. Someone with whom I recently talked had the perfect image to describe what occurs. "The good books bought," said he, "arrive in Hollywood with their stories clear and their pages clean. But then, somewhere, somehow, in the process of converting these volumes into movies, someone with dirty hands lays hold of them. The unsoiled pages get smudged. So does the story. And this smudge becomes an abiding part of the movie." My friend dubbed this smudging "the Hollywood touch."

By this he meant something heavy-handed, wounding, vulgar. He was not talking about what is morally censorable. He was thinking of a misplaced honesty. He was describing figuratively what we have all seen happen. He had in mind the sudden lapses in taste, the deliberate untruths, the false opulence, the specious glamor, the intrusive immaturities, and the pathetic compromises which again and again undo what was on the point of being well done in American films.

All moviegoers, much as they must admire the technical excellence of our pictures, have their own notions of what can be regrettable in "the Hollywood touch." They can cite instance after instance of interesting and self-respecting books which have lost both their self-respect and their interest in the act of being screened. In the presence of "The Snake Pit," however, they will look in vain for that particular touch. No cowardly or coarse hands have soiled Mrs. Ward's novel in the hope of making it "box office."

IT comes through with its anguish undiminished, as uncomfortable yet grimly fascinating as it was in its printed form. It comes through so honestly acted, directed, and dramatized, that it creates in us outfront—almost unbearably—the sense of being inmates in an institution. It makes us feel as if the doors to freedom and normal living had been locked upon us. It gives us the illusion of being citizens who have lived day after day, night after night, when the visitors have left, in that other world, that tragic half-world where minds are on vacation, hopes are grounded, and clouds hang heavy.

It persuades us that we have inhaled

Olivia de Havilland and Leo Genn—". . . that tragic half-world where minds are on vacation, hopes are grounded, and clouds hang heavy."

* *THE SNAKE PIT, screen play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand, based on the novel by Mary Jane Ward. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Produced by Mr. Litvak and Robert Bassler for Twentieth Century-Fox Pictures. With a cast including Olivia de Havilland, Leo Genn, Mark Stevens, Celeste Holm, Glenn Langan, Helen Craig, Leif Erickson, Beulah Bondi, Lee Patrick, Howard Freeman, Natalie Schafer, Katherine Locke, June Storey, Lora Lee Michel, Betsy Blair, etc. At the Rivoli. Opened November 4, 1948.*

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THE BURNS MANTLE BEST PLAYS OF 1947-1948. *Edited by John Chapman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1948. 494 *pp.* $4.

THE drama critic of *The New York Daily News,* who served an apprenticeship of twenty years as the late Burns Mantle's aide, carries on the job the master began during the 1919-20 stage season. This is the who-where-what for theatre researchers. Mr. Chapman's "ten best" selection is: "A Streetcar Named Desire," "The Heiress," "Command Decision," "Mister Roberts," "The Winslow Boy," "Allegro," "Me and Molly," "Eastward in Eden," "Skipper Next to God," and "An Inspector Calls." —R. G.

the very smell of the wards, that we have eaten in the dining rooms under the watchful eyes of nurses, met patients of all classes in all stages of madness, or faced the ordeal of a cross-examination by the staff. It even exposes us to electrical shock treatments, and shows us how the overwrought are quieted by being dunked in sheeted tubs. Indeed, as it follows the case of a young wife, the victim of a severe nervous breakdown, who is restored to sanity and her husband after being psychoanalyzed, it comes near to putting strait jackets on us all.

When turned into a film, Mrs. Ward's novel could so easily have gone wrong in two ways. It could either have dodged the truth by avoiding the unpleasant or overdramatized it for the sake of horror. It does neither. The courage Twentieth Century-Fox has shown in electing to make such a picture at all is matched only by the skill and the taste with which Anatole Litvak has directed it.

Mr. Litvak's eye is alert both to the details which document the appalling institutional aspects of an asylum and the individual tragedy represented by each of its inmates. He shows us the sweep of the large rooms, the overcrowding of the wards, the confinement of the single cells. Without overemphasizing them, he never lets us lose sight of the bars at the windows or the doors that must be locked on these luckless prisoners whose only crime is illness. He makes us feel the full and terrible pathos of the dances held in pleasure's name in the great hall and the heartbreak of an audience of the insane who, by way of entertainment, listen to a patient sing, of all things, "Goin' Home." Yet, in spite of his wealth of detail and incident, Mr. Litvak manages to keep the line of his main story clear.

This story is, of course, the case of

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the psychotic young wife whose tottering mind finally regains its stability. Perhaps, from a psychiatric point of view, the case is oversimplified as its causes are traced and cured in flashback indications of its origins. For screen purposes, however, the treatment proves more than satisfactory. We have Olivia de Havilland not only to thank but to congratulate for this. Miss de Havilland gives one of those wonderfully unglamorized and true performances generally associated with only the more distinguished foreign films. She is a woman—any nice young woman—trapped by misfortune, and never the actress at work. Above all, she is brilliant in suggesting the torments of a mind not mad but wavering, and uncertain in its knowledge of when the darkness is settling upon it or the interludes of clarity have come again.

LEO GENN is admirable as a soft-spoken psychiatrist whose gentleness under rushed and cruelly standardized conditions effects a cure. Indeed, the whole of the large cast is so contributive that it is at once difficult and unfair to particularize. Even so, some mention must be made of Betsy Blair's sullen and shiny-eyed maniac, who ultimately speaks; of Beulah Bondi as the ornate patient who fancies herself a great lady; and of Helen Craig as a stony-hearted but jealous nurse.

You may ask why such a disturbing film, however absorbing, on so unpleasant a subject. There are several answers. First of all, if the motion pictures are to function as an adult medium, they must be as free as the novel and the stage to deal truthfully and unflinchingly with adult subjects. Secondly, there is the matter of treatment; of the challenge, in this instance finely met, of doing justice to such themes. Also there is the purpose served. Make no mistake about it. "The Snake Pit" serves one. It forces audiences to become aware of the terrible conditions in understaffed and overcrowded public and private asylums up and down the land.

The amusement seekers at Bedlam in their callous approach to human suffering were guilty of a cruelty which today we find shocking. Ours, in the name of mercy, is a different guilt. They may not have spared the insane; we spare ourselves. We know too little about what happens on the far side of those iron curtains behind which so terrifying a percentage of our citizens live. Knowing little, we do less. Among the many virtues of "The Snake Pit" is that, by opening our eyes and hearts, it should also open our pocketbooks.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

murky and undisciplined prose. ("He felt a great sob of worship go through him, and it was the worship of woman.") Mr. Williamson knows better than that, as many other pages of this novel demonstrate. There was the stuff of a first-rate novel here, and it could have been, perhaps, if only Mr. Williamson could have been somehow convoyed through his theme.

Patient, Europe

LARGELY FICTION. By Eleanor Palffy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 314 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY BULL

THIS is an entertaining picture of an invalid. The patient, alas for the world, is Europe; the particular *crise* in the illness, the years of Hitler's rise.

Because the people who are individually afflicted, and whose symptoms make such fascinating reading, are mostly remnants of the feudal aristocracy is no excuse for dismissing "Largely Fiction" as a series of upper-case histories to be easily counterbalanced by the vitality of the rest of the body politic, or lower orders. Countess Palffy is more penetrating than that.

Somewhat in the tradition of Henry James and Edith Wharton, she exposes an attractive young American of independent means to the traditional epidemics of French and Central European civilization; but living in a later generation, her more or less autobiographical heroine observes the later, and perhaps fatal stages of the disease. The ingrained resistance that the Cintré and De Chelles families could offer the onslaughts of Mr. James's and Mrs. Wharton's Americans is now little more than a maneuver. In trying to shield themselves behind outworn forms, Countess Palffy's aristocrats are committing a class suicide that is at the same time part of the mass suicide which adherence to extreme nationalism is bound to bring upon their compatriots.

But if the social implications of the countess's observations are tragic, her light touch and unsentimental attitude toward a wide variety of human behavior may remind you that, in spite of its subject, "The Loved One" made for an hilarious evening. And if she is telling about Europeans still half immured in their first childhood while much of their culture reeks of senility, her nostalgia discriminates in favor of their more gracious and reasonable patterns of living at the same time that she is by no means unmindful of American failings. Indeed, of her two chapters on the self-consciously simplified retreats of the rich, the Maine island of North Haven, where she hears of the Liberation of Paris, is described more caustically than the Riviera village of Pampelone where she had witnessed the final mobilization for war.

As a rebel against her native New England Puritanism and its repression of individuality, Countess Palffy's Mary Elizabeth is attracted to the most bizarre Europeans, and can relate their stories with intuitive understanding. As a woman of the world, somewhat spoiled by her own looks, position, and income, she can score off their foibles with the sharpness that discerns her own failings in others. (Who could appraise the frugality and proud provincialism of the French better than a product of that almost extinct Boston training to live off the income of one's income, and to ask: "Why travel when you're already there?") As a lover of good conversation, she has treasured and invented many excellent *mots* to scatter through her pages with the judiciousness of a *cordon bleu* dispensing the herbs in a ragout. As a traveler who read history before Baedeker, and Baedeker before the "Guide Michelin," she is able to back up her action with settings that are rich in highly personal reactions to architecture and nature, preferably tamed by the taste of man. As one of Mark Twain's good Americans, her ghost will surely figure as brightly on the Right Bank of the Seine as will Elliot Paul's on the Left.

A Canning in reverse, Eleanor Palffy recalls the old world to redress the balance of the new.

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Love Under Fire

A STAR CALLED WORMWOOD. By Martha Bacon. New York: Random House. 1948. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDMUND GILLIGAN

IT IS to be expected that when a poet turns storyteller there will be a conflict between the two talents. There is such a conflict in Martha Bacon's first novel, and the poet continually defeats the storyteller. The chief reward, therefore, to the reader lies in frequent sentences that are poetic and in many others from which the poetic cadence is removed but the poet's skill in observation is dominant. Thus she describes, in an admirable first chapter, Louis Meredith, an American boy living in the Italy of Mussolini and wearing the black tunic and shorts of the Italian schoolboy: "His hair was cropped close to his skull and its color was so near to that of his sallow complexion that at a distance he looked as though he were carved out of sandalwood and had no hair at all."

Such achievements, added to the quick plunge into the story (a train rushing into an Italian station), indicate that Miss Bacon's next novel, a story of Mexico, should be something very good, indeed. I say that because I believe the brightness of free Mexico will be more suitable to her talents, surely more suitable than the moral darkness of Fascist Italy, where, it is quite clear, Miss Bacon kept continually looking for light, a light that gleamed only in the poetic skies. She forced herself, during her life there, to look upward with a fixed gaze; and, in so doing, she instinctively rebelled against the darkness at her feet. It did not appall her. So there is little in this book that pierces the heart in the manner of Silone. Nor is there the oblique approach to Fascism that is so terrifying in Katherine Anne Porter's "The Leaning Tower."

A second and, naturally, a more leisurely reading of the novel reveals the defeat of the storyteller in other ways, especially in the devices used to bring her characters to the ultimate position: the one of tragedy. The force employed is that of sexual passion: "Charles turned and caught her to him and kissed her cold salty mouth. Her cool limbs warmed his cold body." Charles, an American tutor, engaged to manage the children of David Meredith, thus plunges

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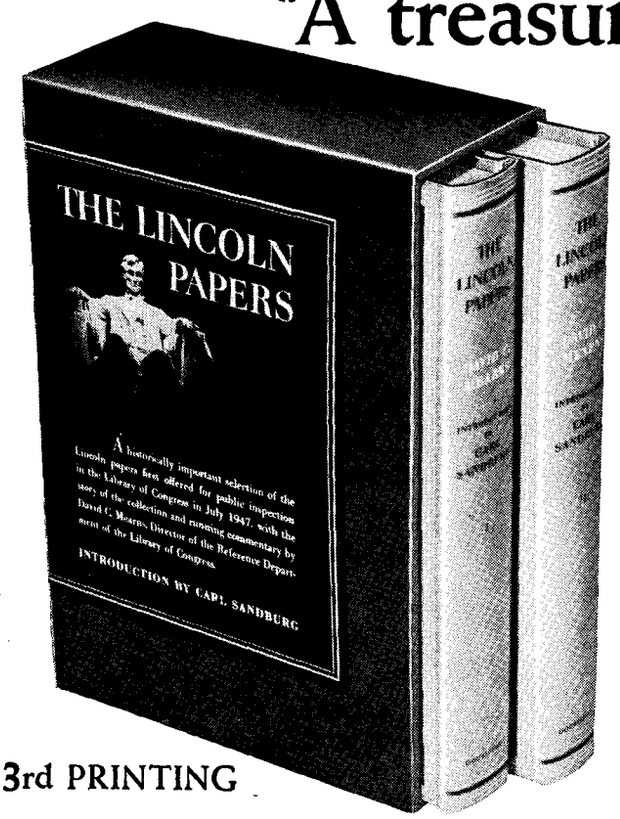
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much too abruptly into a love affair with one of his interesting charges. This is Frances, who is, to the life, "The Constant Nymph." The writing becomes naive at this passage. Yet, as always, the telling phrase is found: "She retreated a little, smiling with a certain blinded look . . ."

This particular nymph, however, is a woman of uneasy virtue. Even so, it is, I think, too creaky a device to offer, rather obscurely, the spectacle of her second surrender, this time to the final character, the anti-Fascist Spinelli. To his embrace she is carried, accidentally, in a peasant's truck. Well, not quite accidentally, perhaps: it was an error in transportation done under the influence of drink. Since Frances and Spinelli both die under the rifle fire of pursuing Fascists, the story should have taken on a tragic dignity. It does not. The failure is due to a lack of imaginative exercise in storytelling. Again, there is no doubt that the talent is there and will do much better next time.

Fiction Notes

MOST SACRED OF ALL, by Jeffrey Farnol. Robert M. McBride & Co. $3. Mr. Farnol occupies a unique place in the literary output of Great Britain. He is a factory in himself, plodding, prolific, and pedestrian. His writing is of the "meanwhile," early D. W. Griffith, light o' love school. His romanticism is adolescent, his sword play slaphappy, and his intrigues silly. In his latest, an ex-"blow-the-man-down" sailor inherits a castle, an earldom, and an old enemy. How that enemy foully poisons his life, driving his wife away and kidnapping his son, and how all sorrows right themselves through the smile of a child make up the pulse of this matter. The sense of time confused me. The movement is early Crusader, but now and again the dead Lord Nelson is mentioned, and a reform or two troubles the upper classes. But nothing remotely troubles Mr. Farnol's everlasting know-how.

* * *

TRUMPET IN THE CITY, by Helen Topping Miller. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75. Against a background of confusion, plot, counterplot, and revolt, Mrs. Miller weaves a web of romance. The larger issue of the Colony of Georgia's stand against King and Crown in 1775 is lost to the cause of love. Though trumpets sound, though assumed loyalties are questioned, and Royalists vie with Rebels in daring espionage, the anticipated excitement simmers down to who will marry Maggie Clay. This is something of a pity, as Mrs. Miller has a sense of time, place, and event that promises valid documentary drama.

* * *

ANGEL IN THE WARDROBE, by Robert Tallant. Doubleday & Co. $3. Mr. Tallant knows New Orleans past and present. It would be safe to predict he will also know and understand the city to come. In his latest novel he spins a somewhat pixilated story of established custom battling modernity. Dominated by a doddering grande dame who believes in an articulate angel, the impoverished Wycliffe family fights for freedom. Exhibitionism forces a son to become a recluse, his Lesbian twin is happy in plenteous alcohol, while another daughter marries an exquisite Creole, and a rebellious debutante granddaughter takes up with a "dago." The magnolias may be bruised, but the desired melting pot has loomed large on the pre-bellum horizon. An undercurrent of decadence relieves the expected course of events.

* * *

A LITTLE TEA, A LITTLE CHAT, by Christina Stead. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75. A balding, paunchy, obvious lecher, but less obvious crook lures ladies from bar to bedroom along paths paved in gold. His conveniently retiring Boston wife, addicted to sleeping sickness, allows free range for amatory adventures. The sturdy Wall Street screen, blocking off the black market and war profiteering, almost conceals chicanery. But the game is up when a victimized ex-partner confronts the culprit. Clear in intent, this is formless in pattern, loose in construction, and overblown in incident.

* * *

THE HUSBAND WHO RAN AWAY. by Hildegarde Dolson. Random House. $3. The subtitle to this extravaganza is "a gay novel." So it is. So it is also a made-to-order slapstick film or a rollicking book for any college show. The traditional mother-in-law and the nagging wife plunge the hick hero straight into New York's frenzies. Suspected amnesia, underworld entanglements, mild flirtation with glamor girls, and sudden success as an original window display designer contribute thrills to the hayseed's metropolitan life. Inflated and protected by two girls straight from the "My Sister Eileen" mold, the Milquetoast worm turns. Life begins for him and his (as it turns out) ever-loving wife alone at last. Filled with farcical complications and easy to take in large or little doses.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

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LITERARY HISTORY

(Continued from page 10)

preëminency of New England. It is perhaps a matter of gratification that every chief editor of this new history comes, or has come, from the Middle states. Certainly the contributions of Philadelphia have never before received so many references, and no one who reads them will ever quite forget their place in the scheme of things.

Other shifts in emphasis are equally discernible. It will be interesting to note the effect of what is, to me, so marked a distinction between what the text of the history calls the "First Republic" and the "Second Republic." By this is indicated the radical shift between the feeling of diversity existing before the Civil War and that of unity which is said to predominate afterwards. This distinction, in terms more familiar to European history, has never before been so explicitly marked as it here is. The two volumes of the history are, as it were, divided by it.

If there is a distinction to be made between the concepts of government which marked our country's thinking before and after our internal revolution, there is an equal distinction which is made between the life of a continent impressed by its Atlantic contacts and that awakened through its expansion towards the West. Something like an equivalent distinction between a First and a Second Republic results from the discovery of the West, the increasing realization of which was to certify once and for all the unique character of the American people. The influence on our literary history has been noticed before. It has, in fact, in certain hands, become a new testament of the American scriptures. But it is here maintained in a nice juxtaposition of balance and effect.

Quite flatly the book states that "the early desire to cast the Old World into a mythical melting pot has given place to a conviction that the immigrant serves his adopted country best when he is steeped in the tradition of his fatherland; that various and lively regional cultures increase the vitality of the culture of the United States." Yet despite editorial recognition of fresh areas for respectful study, the predominant cultural bias is still British. The substantial body of writing produced, within some states, in other than the English tongue receives little more than passing notice. It is for these vast regions, however, still a heritage, and so it becomes for us through their people. It is, to cite only an instance, the milieu of so sterling an American writer as Ole Rölvaag.

I daresay that it will be a characteristic of the next literary history that it corrects this emphasis. The United States are beginning to be truly united.

It has taken American scholars a long time to realize that its literary history goes beyond the nineteenth century. It is a lesson not quite yet learned, and it is complicated by the fact that the chief writers of the early part of the twentieth century have had the good fortune to be long-lived and still strongly with us. It is entirely to the credit of the editors of the "Literary History of the United States" that they have recognized that now, for the first time, American writing, has, for various reasons, assumed a status of international significance.

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EN ROUTE TO A LEGEND

(*Continued from page 7*)

disillusionment in "Look Homeward, Angel." The book laid bare certain spiritual realities in American life, and did it as Wolfe later wrote, "in a manner of naked directness . . . that was rather rare in books." That was what caused the trouble. The people who said Wolfe was disillusioned really meant that *they* were disillusioned. He had opened their eyes to things they had not seen before—things they had deliberately avoided looking at.

Disillusionment, the hindsight of the self-deluded and the half-blind, was not one of Thomas Wolfe's qualities. No one ever accused him of being blind in any degree. His fault, if fault it was, was that he saw too much. Till the day he died he retained that luminous gift which all bright children seem to possess up to a certain age: the ability to look at life and see it as it really is, with its many and ever-changing faces, its mystery and wonder, its exhilaration and stark terror, its endless contrasts of beauty and ugliness, its haunting interplay of good and evil, its flashing colors and subtly shifting shadows. Somewhere along the way, as we grow up, most of us lose that gift. There comes a time, some nameless day and hour which we are not aware of, when what passes as education does us in, and, in our hearts, all unknowing, we accept things as we are told they are and learn to conform. From that moment our vision, our precious gift of true seeing, begins to drop away. From then on, for most of us, we are rather like those mules one sees plodding along country roads in the deep South, beasts of burden, shackled, harnessed, and wearing blinders designed to shut out the green grass beside the road by keeping the eyes fixed on the narrow path straight ahead.

Somehow—and just how it happened remains the mystery of genius—Thomas Wolfe acquired an education without acquiring blinders. He went to school in Asheville. He went to college at Chapel Hill. He took a master's degree at Harvard. And then, with his schooling behind him and no blinders to limit his view, he began to write. He wrote about life as he had lived it and observed it. Above all, he wrote about people.

People always fascinated him. Every new person he met was a challenge to him. Why is this fellow so shifty-eyed—what is he afraid of? Why do the corners of that one's mouth turn down—what has gone sour in him? Why is A. drinking himself to death—what is he running away from? Why does B. clap you on the back and deafen your ears with hearty nothings every time he meets you—what is the emptiness in him that he must try so desperately to fill it with mere noise and bustle?

Once he had formulated the question that seemed to him the clue to each new personality, Wolfe never rested till he had tracked down the answer, and in so doing he usually managed to piece together a full life history. To Wolfe, nothing was irrelevant. He took all things human for his province. The color of a man's eyes, the way he walked, the intonation of his voice, his opinions and prejudices, his gestures, facial expressions, habits, tastes, often even his name—everything was grist to Wolfe's mill. All of it went in, to help him get at the hidden kernels of character. More often than not all of it came out, too; and sooner or later the friend or acquaintance who had responded to Wolfe's probings, who had expanded in the warmth of his presence and his very obvious interest, sympathy, and

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The Film Forum

FILMS ON FILM — *The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

The motion picture now has a very respectable film library on itself. Unlike bibliography, or books on books, films on film are for the most part unspecialized and entertaining, the movie makers having been on their mettle to make their own subject as popular as it deserves to be.

ANIMATED CARTOONS: THE TOY THAT GREW UP (18 minutes); THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE MOTION PICTURE CAMERA (20 minutes).

A series of two films produced in France by Les Films du Compas. English narration. Distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

These two films won a Grand Prix at the Brussels Film Festival in 1947, and the second was additionally awarded first prize at the Chicago Film Festival the same year.

"The Toy That Grew Up" is a fascinating reconstruction of movies before Eastman and Edison—of the elegant toys into which lorgnetted ladies and choke-collared gentlemen peeped and peered throughout the Victorian era. Starting with Greek friezes, the film ranges the centuries down to those strangely named devices, like the zootrope and the phenakistoscope, by which ingenious inventors struggled to re-create life and movement mechanically. It ends with a fine sequence on Emile Reynaud, the precursor of Walt Disney.

"The Biography of the Motion Picture Camera" takes up the tale and reviews the successive instantaneous photography of Marey, and Muybridge's famous experiments with Governor Stanford's horses at Palo Alto, California. By means of expert reconstructions and a lively commentary, these earliest of motion pictures vividly come to life, along with the very first true motion picture, "Leaving the Lumieres Factory," made in 1895, which is included in the film. The work of Edison and Eastman is also well portrayed.

FILM TACTICS

Produced by U. S. Navy. Distributed by Castle Films, 450 West 56th St., New York, N. Y. (22 minutes)

The seemingly dull topic of film utilization is transmuted by this brilliant film into a highly amusing comedy of errors involving every Naval rank from the admiral down. Four instructors are told to use a single film in teaching a simple P.T. boat maneuver to their four classes. In a series of wonderful surrealist sequences, the camera gets inside the head of four members of these classes, and displays the bewilderment, boredom, inattention, and exhaustion which can result from the wrong use of film.

The subsequent carrying out of the high-speed P.T. boat maneuver by a set of hopelessly muddled trainees results in a comedy of averted collisions of truly Mack Sennett proportions, resulting in apoplexy on the part of the Naval brass, and frantic directives to Washington.

Though the film is thus geared to a specific Navy training problem, its lessons are of much more general application. Its fresh and imaginative approach will impress the fundamentals of film use on all who have to employ film in teaching, sales training and industrial demonstration.

HOW MOTION PICTURES MOVE AND TALK

Produced by the Bell and Howell Corporation, and distributed by Castle Films, 450 West 56th Street, New York, N. Y. (11 minutes)

An easy-to-understand explanation of the fundamentals of 16mm. projector design. Why does film move intermittently? How does the sound track work? What is the function of the different parts of a projector? This film will help all projector users to handle their machines more effectively.

FILM SERIES

The Museum of Modern Art (11 W. 53rd St., New York, N. Y.) has prepared a fascinating series of sixteen programs called "A Short Survey of the Film in America," which may be rented on 16mm.*

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

* Also relevant are two books, Lewis Jacob's "The Rise of the American Film" and Georges Sadoul's "Histoire General du Cinema." The latter, not yet translated, is a comprehensive but attractively written history of movies from 1832 to the present day, of which the first two volumes, "The Invention of the Cinema" and "The Pioneers of the Cinema," have already been published by Editions Denoel, Paris.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE WAYFARER'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

WE'VE had a heart-to-heart talk with Duncan Hines, a man who's probably put more people to bed on a full stomach than anybody in the country. Mr. Hines was in town to talk about his new book, "Duncan Hines's Vacation Guide,"* and we'd like to report that he's a homey individual with thinning gray hair and glasses who looks like everybody's grandfather. This is his fourth book, and if he has things his way, it will be his last. "I had to stay home all summer," he told us with a wisp of petulance, "and I really had wanted to go to California."

Food was his first love, Mr. Hines said, and sure enough we noted a comfortable manifestation nudging the buttons of his double-breasted blue suit. "My second love was Mrs. Hines; then I went back to food. I've been in love with food since I was a baby."

When he is in New York, Duncan Hines stays at the Waldorf. What he calls his "eatin' book" lists forty restaurants in New York City, enough, he says, to give anybody from Big Bug, Montana, a fair selection. "They won't hesitate to pay high prices, see, because they want to talk about where they've been when they get back home." He looked over at his second love, a friendly lady with light brown hair straked with strands of gray. "Honey," he said, "now you pop up and tell him where we ate today." Mrs. Hines thumbed through the notebook she keeps when they dine together, and said they had been to the Brussels. They ate *moules à la flamand, lapin à la crème,* and the check for four with wine had come to $48. Mr. Hines always pays for his meals. ("Hell's fire, it'll cost you $8 or $10 to pay a fellow back.") "We save our nickels for months for this," Mr. Hines said. "'Course we manage to live nice just the same. I won't eat hamburger for anybody."

The trouble with most restaurants in Duncan Hines's opinion is that they undercook pork and chicken and overcook beef. "Why, they cook beef gray as a battleship and almost as tough," he said leaning over earnestly with his elbows on his knees. "I don't like raw beef, see. But if you want the true flavor you mustn't cook it too long." Grass-fed beef hasn't the flavor of corn-fed beef. "It's easy to tell the difference," he said, passing the secret along to us. The fat of grass-fed beef is yellow; on corn-fed beef it's white. He also shattered our illusions in the matter of peanut-fed hams. "Know those peanut-fed hams?" he asked. "Why those sweet little piggies never get to see very many peanuts. First place, the peanut crop is too valuable, so they get mostly corn. If they ate all peanuts you couldn't eat the pig. Its flesh would be too oily."

The source of this country's ills, Mr. Hines feels, lies in the stomachs of its citizens. "If people would stop eating potatoes, meat, and gravy, and nibbled more rabbit food, they'd be a lot better off. Most of our vegetables are cooked to mush. We'd do better to throw the vegetables down the sink and drink the juice."

Mr. Hines got to be the wayfarer's guardian angel because he refused to work for a salary. He wanted his income to be based directly upon what he earned, and he took a job as traveling salesman for a printing firm. As he drove about the United States he developed one standard question as he arrived in each new town, "What's the best place to eat?" He began to accumulate lists of restaurants which he exchanged with other people, and before long he had achieved a minor-league reputation as a connoisseur. People would call and say, "Mr. Hines you don't know me, but I'm a friend of Ed Beecher's and I'm on my way to El Paso . . ." He figured the best way to stop the phone calls was to print a list, and as a Christmas card in 1935 he sent out a directory of 400 restaurants. So many people stopped in to pick up a copy it got to be expensive, so the next year he started to charge a dollar. That sort of cooled things off until 1938, when Hines dropped in on Wesley Stout, a friend, then editor of *The Saturday Evening Post.* At Stout's suggestion Milton MacKaye wrote a piece for a December 1938 issue of the *Post,* the forerunner of subsequent stories in *Reader's Digest, Coronet, Life, Better Homes and Gardens,* and uncounted others. "Down home I've got a stack of articles up to here," says Duncan Hines indicating a pile about four feet high. He has also become a favorite of the demigoddesses of the morning radio shows, and makes frequent appearances when he comes to New York. Betty Crocker called for a radio date as he was packing for the trip back home last week. "Honeychile," he said, "you're just two days too late. I'll be back in the spring."

—*Sam Norkin.*

Duncan Hines, "a favorite of the demigoddesses of the morning."

ALTHOUGH he has driven almost two million miles, much of it in a snappy six-passenger Cadillac, Duncan Hines says he couldn't keep his books up to date if he were capable of traveling four million miles a year. The bulk of his information comes from the eleven men who travel about the country selling his books, and from personal friends. When he moved back to his boyhood home in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1939, after "Adventures in Good Eating" (1936) and "Lodging for a Night" (1938) were already successful, the local postmaster was given an annual raise of $200. It was a sound Governmental investment. Today Duncan Hines receives anywhere from two to 600 letters a day, and averages over 50,000 letters a year. He has been known to receive long-distance calls from a faithful friend who'll say, "I'm calling you from a drugstore to tell you to take the Palm Gardens out of your book. It just burned to the ground." He counts among his 500 active correspondents Lawrence Tibbett, Burton Holmes, Carveth Wells, Mary Margaret McBride, James Melton, and Fred Waring, to whom he is particularly indebted for a rare recipe for fried peaches which Mr. Waring got from his mother.

At $1.75 a copy Mr. Hines figures he sold about 225,000 books last year, and nearly two million since he started in business. The company he has organized in Bowling Green pays him a salary and traveling expenses. Under an irrevocable trust any profit goes to the Duncan Hines Foundation, to which he refers as "one of his mistakes." Of the $3,000 profit which showed on the ledger last year, the

*VACATION GUIDE. By Duncan Hines. New York: Duncan Hines, Inc. 1948. 371 pp. $1.75.

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foundation gave $1,250 to Cornell, $1,250 to Michigan State, two universities which sponsor courses in hotel management. The other $500 went to the National Sanitation Foundation of Michigan University. An amazing proportion of deaths in the U. S. are attributed to disease originating from bacteria on dirty dishes, and from tainted foods, a problem Mr. Hines finds extremely disturbing.

No self-righteous do-gooder, Duncan Hines lives, all the same, by what he calls a "live-right, do-right" credo. "When people ask me to say grace I thank the Lord for the sunshine and the rain and all the good food, that's all. It sure startles 'em." He has also been characterized by his friends as "the man Diogenes was looking for." He dismisses encomiums gracefully. "No man has lived as long as I have that's had as much fun. When daylight breaks, I'm awake, see, and from then until I go to bed, I'm looking for fun."

Fun to Duncan Hines is a wonderful meal in an exotic restaurant away from home. If he was to have his last fling he would go to the Voisin, an expensive restaurant on New York's East Side and order almond soufflé. "Mmm—man, does it taste good! You know you kinda hang on to it, and suddenly there isn't anything there. If I hadn't had so much food this noon I'd be over there tonight. Come to think of it I might go anyway."

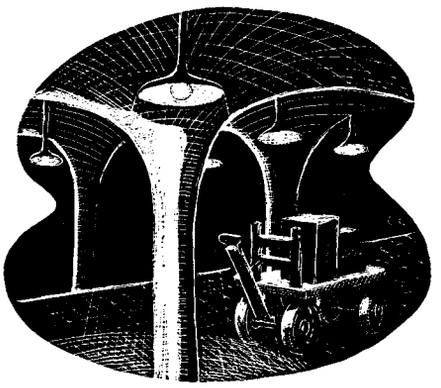
—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE BEST OF TIMES. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 188 *pp.* $3.95.

"The Best of Times" is the best of buys, and it is also the talk of the book business. A big book, 10x13, it contains fifty beautiful reproductions of Bemelmans paintings in full color, and 110 in black and white, the plates for which, I suspect, were picked up from illustrations he did for *Holiday* and *Vogue*. The text you may also recognize, for it appeared as a series of *Holiday* pieces in preparation for which Bemelmans was abroad in 1946 and 1947. In point of fact some of the articles have suffered from time, and although a postscript states that the author made a quick trip abroad this summer to check his information, one chapter still puts the franc rate at 120 to the dollar. Well, the devaluation is almost a year old now, and this summer the rate was bouncing around 350 to the dollar.

But for sheer beauty of layout and good writing the material has suffered not at all in conversion from



magazine to book. Bemelmans has a wonderful ear for conversation as he overhears it at the next table, or aboard the Arlberg Express. He covers Paris, Switzerland, Austria, Bavaria, Arles, and Venice, and always his writing smiles rather slyly, the way his paintings smile, at the foibles of types and nationalities.

FOOD IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD. By Eliot Elisofon. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 176 *pp.* $2.50.

Every recipe listed by amateur cook Elisofon comes wrapped in a four-star adventure. It's good reading if you don't like to eat. Mr. Elisofon takes pictures for *Life*, a vocation which has kept him hopping all over the world. He stops three times a day to eat foods which happen to be exotic, and he has had the foresight to write down the recipes. He prepared dinner in Stockholm with Stanton Griffis, and once he ate an oyster soup made with cheese and beer, high adventure itself. He also dined in Africa with Mark Clark and the Caid El Ayadi of Rehamna, from whom he learned how to cook Squab Arab. ("Take two squabs and brush with honey using a feather . . ."). The introduction, which is pretty funny, is by Gypsy Rose Lee, the author.

ROVING SOUTH. By Willard Price. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 373 *pp.* $5.

To the already well-filled field of the personal Latin-American travel report, Willard Price has added a fat volume. Mr. Price and wife took a 23,000-mile safari in luxury and discomfort which covered virtually every country in Latin America from Mexico south to the Argentine. The results appear as a running diary of the author's encounters, rather than as an expository paper for future travelers. The book, it seems to me, will prove most valuable for visitors going down on long stays, and for businessmen who wish to capture the feel of the lands before they settle there.

There is, to be sure, lots of interest-

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ing trivia. Amazonians habitually wear pajamas on shipboard, Peruvian theatres post signs indicating the attraction may be "improper for young ladies." Mr. Price has uncorked at least one powerful story in the large Jap colony who live in Brazil, believing that Japan has conquered the United States. Price saw altered photos of the *USS Missouri* flying the Jap flag, and even accepted condolences for the "Japanese occupation of the United States." He says he never disputed the local belief, for to do so is to invite murder.

The author has also supplied a small gallery of good photographs well reproduced, plus a portfolio of sketches which, I must say, look startlingly like others which appeared in two recent travel books.

HAWAII. By Theodore Morgan. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 260 pp. $4.

No traveler's guide, this latest work on Hawaii is a definitive work which traces the social and economic growth of the islands from the time they were first exposed to Western culture in 1778. It traces, for example, the fur and sandalwood trade, the whaling industry, and the importance of sugar in the local economy. There are also statistical tables, a glossary of Hawaiian terms, and a smattering of illustrations.

Conjugation in the Caribbean

II — HERE WE PAINT

CURACAO and Aruba, the two principal islands of the Netherlands West Indies, have cornered the world's market of papiamento, which is native to only those two islands. Like two other of the Caribbean's languages, patois and talkee-talkee, it sprang from the African slave who was attempting to adapt himself to the white man's civilization. In forming the language the Negro relied most upon Spanish, but still managed to sprinkle in a solid foundation of English, French, Dutch, Hebrew, Chinese, Portuguese, Syrian, and Carib Indian words. All this was superimposed on a basic African construction. The proximity of the Spanish twenty miles away in Venezuela, and the trade that existed between the Dutch islands and the South American continent, possibly account for the predominant Spanish influence.

Papiamento is in some ways quite academic. It has been given a regular structure, precise forms of grammar, and it can be written. Perhaps its one great drawback as an official language is that it lacks a technical vocabulary. This has given rise, especially during and since the war, to a standard practice in Curaçao, and Aruba of teaching basic English to men preparing for the trades.

There is no slighting papiamento as the universal tongue in Curaçao and Aruba, and along with Dutch, it has been proclaimed the official language. Government decrees are issued and posted in both papiamento and Dutch. There are papiamento Bibles, textbooks, and newspapers. Papiamento lyrics are also composed into calypso-like songs called tumbas, which deal largely with local gossip.

Many words in papiamento have a habit of carrying a "p" or "m" before the vowel which adds measurably to the confusion of anyone studying the language. In many ways the scholar of Spanish would have the easiest time in learning papiamento, and to him the message of this sign displayed at a painter's shop in Willemstad, is not entirely unintelligible:

tnin
aki nos ta pinta Y
drecha imagen.
ta pinta borchi
pa tienda Y pacus ta
pinta cuadro
riba glas

Which translated in English means:

attention
here we paint and
repaint images. We
paint signboards for
shops and we also paint
on glass

Papiamento-speaking natives also have a custom of remembering epidemics by recent events of local import. When the picture "White Zombie" arrived in town about the same time that much of the population was down with a cold the epidemic was later referred to as the "White Zombie." On another occasion a wave of flu swept Curaçao just at the same time the Democrats, in a hotly contested election, swept into office. The sickness period was thereafter referred to as "The Democrat," and somehow became easier to bear.

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the Phoenix Nest

VIGNETTE

HE CLOSED the Bible and the sunlight fell
A nimbus on his white and thinning hair.
He warned the congregation then of hell
In kindly duty: "Oh dear friends, beware! . . ."
A fly droned at the window, while the scent
Of lilies further numbed the drowsy air.
The worshippers slept on to all intent
Like him at peace . . . just God belligerent.

—CAROLYN ELLIS.

* * *

Mary Seccombe, of West Hill, Peterborough, N. H., writes me:

> It was with much joy that I came across your ballad about Parson Hawker, a legendary figure I heard much about in my early youth. Twice I was taken to Morwenstow, and know the church and churchyard and Hennacliff. Have you ever been there?
>
> My father and his mother were both born in Bude Haven, which is about ten miles away. Grandmother knew him, and Father must have seen him often. He was certainly quite a character. I have his books "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall" and "Cornish Ballads" in the 1903 edition. Edwin Arlington Robinson borrowed them and took them to New York for the winter, and I often wonder if that did not give him something of the atmosphere for his "Tristram." Parson Hawker gave my grandmother, when she was a small girl, half-a-crown to induce her to have a tooth filled. Father had the first edition of "Footprints" and later one of us got a first edition of the ballads.

A forebear of Miss Seccombe's was Thomas Seccombe, the English lexicographer and writer on Dr. Johnson who did the introduction for George Borrow's "Lavengro" in Everyman's Library. In this connection, I have also heard from Frances R. Rideout, widow of the late Henry Milner Rideout, California novelist and short-story writer. Mrs. Rideout writes from San Anselmo, Calif.:

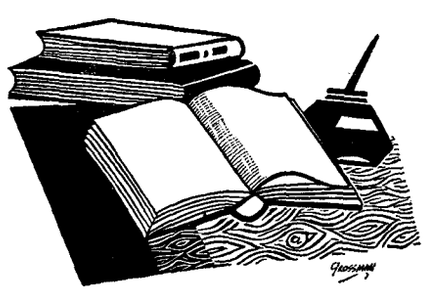
> Your ballad "The Parson Poet" gave great pleasure to this reader. "The wonderful vicar" was indeed an eccentric but, by contrast, how colorless, unimaginative, and faithless we ordinary mortals seem! On that coast—at least before motor charabancs—one could easily believe in pixies and in witches with spotted tongues. I had an eerie first impression of Parson Hawker from hearing the sexton of St. Morwenna's tell, as if he himself recalled it, that when the vicar entered the dark little chancel he was invisible to the congregation except as his crimson-gloved hands appeared through the rood screen. Bought at Bude Haven, and ever afterwards read with that setting of lonely church, windswept graveyard, tremendous cliffs and wrecking days in mind, my Methuen shilling edition of Baring-Gould's "The Vicar of Morwenstowe" is a priceless book to me, shabby though its faded blue binding has become. Within is pasted a clipping photograph of the vicar, aged about sixty probably, in frock coat, jersey, and boots. He is thick of girth, yet not so much fat as powerful. Above the broad, high brow, still plentiful hair is combed aside from a part and curls up behind. A handsome old face with a straight nose and a mouth with both sad and smiling lines. The shadowed eyes seem brooding. On one knee is spread a strong hand, interesting for the length of its thumb, with long, squared fingers. You probably know that Quiller-Couch, in the dedication of his novel "The Ship of Stars," acknowledges that he drew on "a chapter of Remembrances by that true poet and large Christian, Robert Stephen Hawker."

"Q" was, of course, another redoubtable Cornishman to whom all poets are indebted for his compilation of "The Oxford Book of English Verse." To me several of his own poems are as good as anything written in the late nineteenth century, and his novels and stories of Cornwall have a savor all their own.

* * *

The following comes from Mrs. Earle Buckingham of Belmont, Mass.

> Have you ever come across a collection of Bunner's verses? It is one of the books I have longed to find and add to my collection of read-aloudable fun. I have been glad to see Bunner's name on your pages. He was a great favorite of my father, Forrest Morgan, who was editor of *The Traveler's Record* in the days when it was a literary paper, and who edited the first edition of Walter Bagehot's works to be published in the United States.



> "The Runaway Browns" is one of our favorite Bunner stories; does any family read it now except ours, I wonder? It would be hard to find more light-hearted fun.
>
> What I would like to find is the complete text of some verses of Bunner's of which I can recall only scattered bits. The first stanza is,
>
> "My name is Rhadamanthus Pratt,
> My art is that of an acrobat,
> I can stand *this* way and never pant,
> And this is Charles, my elephant.
>
> "Sometimes when we gallop round the ring,
> I sit on the end of his tail and sing,
> And he wags his tail with a cheerful grunt
> Of pleasure, does Charles, my elephunt.
>
> "We are nimble and seldom get out of joint,
> Neither me nor Charles, my elephoint."
>
> I wonder whether you or any of your readers can fill in the gaps. There are several stanzas.

* * *

SONG OF SATISFACTION

According to psychologists it would seem
That to be a creative artist one must be slightly off the beam.
A perfectly adjusted normal human being's content with things as they are,
And is very careful when he reaches for anything not to reach too far.
It is a lucky thing that we are a nation of unadjusted off-the-beamers
Which includes a motley collection of painters, inventors and dreamers.
For if the above were not so we would find ourselves quickly reverting
Back to the darker ages when there were no radios to be diverting.
No lights, no gas, no phones, no cars
no apparatuses to view the stars,
no art, no lit., no education,
no clothes, no clubs, no vaccination.

When you think of the perfect environment to which we are unadjusted,
It is a little sad;
But taking everything into consideration,
I, for one, am rather glad.

—VIOLETTE SEALOCK.

* * *

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"Dr. Einstein is currently at work on a problem which he intends to solve before he dies."—Lincoln Barnett, "The Universe and Dr. Einstein."

The World, though it seems to be sinking,
Will surely pick up by and by,
For Einstein is busily thinking—
So also am I.

—DOVE DULCET.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 766

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

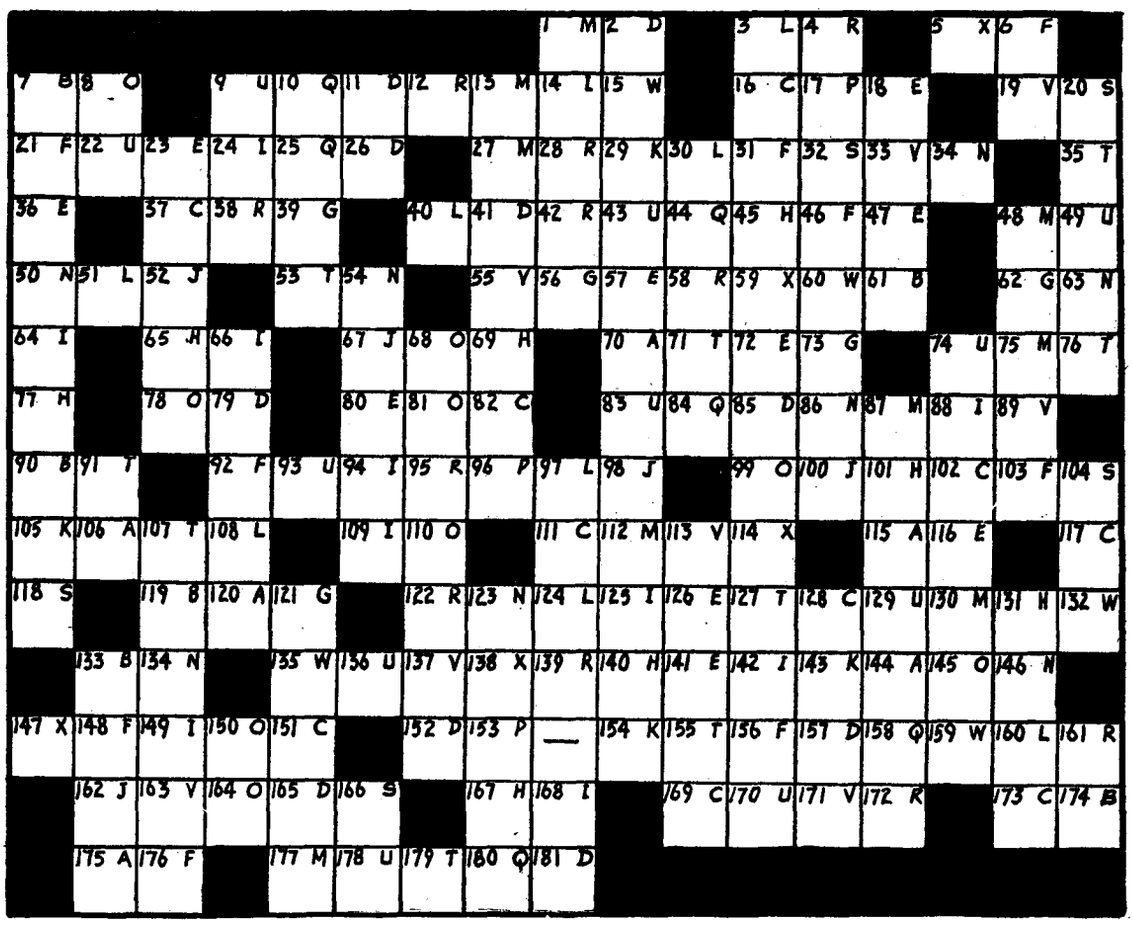
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American educator and writer; Pres. of Princeton, 1912-32.	120 115 175 70 106 144
B. Jaylike forest bird (Mexico to Brazil).	7 90 119 61 135 174
C. Skanda, the war god (Hindu myth.).	169 117 102 16 37 173 111 82 151 128
D. During a single, prolonged period (3 wds.).	41 2 85 79 181 157 11 26 152 165
E. Slowly (It.; direction in music).	47 18 141 80 126 23 57 36 116 72
F. Humorous character in novel of same title (by Alice Hegan Rice, 1903).	92 6 148 156 176 31 46 21 103
G. Czech scholar, poet, ethnologist; ballads used by Dvorak, etc. (1811-70).	39 56 62 121 73
H. The color hazel.	45 131 65 69 101 77 167 140
I. To be deserted treacherously (4 wds.).	64 24 94 88 125 149 66 142 168 109 14
J. Collaborator with Bliss Carman in "Songs of Vagabondia," (1864-1900).	67 162 100 52 98
K. A nymph who faded away until nothing was left but her voice (Gr. myth.).	143 29 105 154
L. Minor character in "The Taming of the Shrew."	51 30 124 108 40 97 3 160

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Restrained,. forbidden.	13 112 177 130 48 1 87 75 27
N. A boxer.	50 63 54 134 146 34 123 86
O. Spanish dramatist, corecipient with Mistral of Nobel Prize, 1904 (1832-1916).	110 145 81 99 164 78 150 68 8
P. Seventeenth letter of Greek alphabet.	96 17 153
Q. On land; to the land.	158 25 84 44 180 10
R. Best-known play by Gorki, 1903.	12 28 172 95 161 122 58 139 42 38 4
S. American journalist, radio commentator (1899—; Pulitzer Prize, 1930).	118 166 20 104 32
T. Provided with pores (zool.).	155 53 107 35 91 71 127 179 76
U. Not producing the desired results.	49 170 178 74 9 43 83 93 22 136 129
V. To complete the fulness of (2 wds.).	89 171 163 33 137 113 19 55
W. A mass of metal cast into some convenient shape.	135 132 15 60 159
X. British sculptor (1869-1933; statues, etc., of famous persons, inc. Queen Victoria).	5 114 138 147 59

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

THE INTENTION of RCA Victor to reissue its monumental recording of Arnold Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder" early next spring is a heartening affirmation of the weight of consumer demand as manifested through individual correspondence, dealer surveys, and, we hope, the columns of this journal. Indeed, if somebody adds something else to the "Gurrelieder" and "Songs of the Auvergne" —say the Rehkemper "Kindertotenlieder" on Capitol—we can summon our faithful followers to a solemn celebration on some suitable date. May 1, with its uplifting connotations, might be appropriate.

It would be well, however, if this fund of interest and enthusiasm were cashed for something more tangible than an isolated album here and there. I'd like to see each major company issue, at least semi-annually, some album or collection of records, for no other reason than that a vociferous group of enthusiasts want it, and want it badly enough to put their desire on record. In justice to the manufacturers, it should be a group large enough to make the effort self-liquidating, with any additional sales a chastening, if profitable, reminder that phonographic life does not begin and end with Chopin's A flat Polonaise or Debussy's "Clair de Lune."

What I propose is the formation of a One Thousand Club, in which the only cachet of membership is the firm declaration to buy a given album which is to be issued when a minimum of a thousand persons have indicated their desire to own it. What the next works might be, I have no idea, but I believe that the guaranteed sale of a thousand albums of any specific work already recorded will reward the manufacturer with a margin of profit sufficient to justify the operation. This publication offers its facilities as a clearinghouse and tabulator.

There is merit, too, in the suggestion of James Rogers in this month's LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: namely, that a company dubious of the profits in a reissue turn over its masters for exploitation by enterprising enthusiasts —subject to the usual royalty, of course. This would correspond to the reprint function of Modern Library or Penguin in the book field, without any blight on current production.

—IRVING KOLODIN, EDITOR,
SRL RECORDINGS.

DECEMBER 1948

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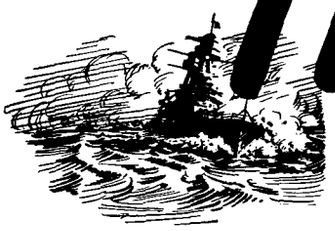

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

What Sells Children's Records?

PHILIP EISENBERG and HECKY KRASNO

SALES of children's records have skyrocketed in the short space of four years, from seven million in 1944 to fifty million in 1947, and the prospects for 1948 are greater. Children's records now account for approximately fifteen per cent of the entire record business. Not only have the sales increased sevenfold, but today there are more than 600 different titles on the market, six times as many as in 1944.

The growth of children's records is all the more phenomenal if it is considered that just fifteen years ago the only records for youngsters were scratchy seven-inch recordings of nursery rhymes. Before the war a few enterprising companies sensed the potentialities of the field and released ten- and twelve-inch discs—mostly adaptations of children's classics. However, the true potentialities were not realized until after the war, when record manufacturers, alive to the commercial possibilities, began to invest more money in performers, writers, and productions. Sales justified their investment and soon many companies, large and small, joined the gold rush. Today there are about seventy record companies producing children's records.

Out of this phenomenon has emerged another—best-selling children's records, with weekly lists of best sellers now publicized as widely as lists of classical and popular favorites. The consumer has made these records best sellers by his purchases. Has he chosen wisely in favoring these discs? Has he overlooked others? We can answer these questions by considering first what factors made these records best sellers. In the ensuing discussion, all record titles mentioned are best sellers (except where otherwise noted) according to the manufacturers' statements and the trade press reports.

In the interests of achieving a hit, record companies are often more sensitive to the appeal a children's album will have for adults than it may have for children. Adults do the buying, after all. Therefore, the companies seek, for example, to attract grownups through the use of name stars, names well known to adults but not to children. We do not mean to reflect on the skill of name stars; we are simply pointing out that the same album with an equally skilled, but unknown, artist may mean the difference between a best and an average seller. For example, storytellers like Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen and Don Lyon, who succeed in capturing the face-to-face storytelling situation, and singers like Tom Glazer and Crane Calder, who know how to stimulate children by their warm renditions, have not succeeded in selling albums at anywhere near the rate of those made by famous Hollywood and radio stars.

Though some albums with name stars are excellent, it is no sure clue to the worth of an album. Even the best performance cannot make up for a poor script or one that is not suitable for children. Thus, "King Cole for Kids" (Capitol), even with the advantage of the suave style of the King Cole Trio, falls flat since it features songs that are, for the most part, adult in form and content. Danny Kaye displays his versatile personality, but to no avail, in "The Little Fiddle" (Decca) since the humor is over the heads of children. He does much better with "Tubby the Tuba" (Decca), where he has the advantage of an outstanding script and musical score.

A FACTOR perhaps even more important than the use of name stars in selling a record is the adapting of well-publicized, well-known cartoon movies. These invariably enjoy large sales even though they may not be intrinsically the best albums for youngsters. Currently, "Little Toot"

Danny Kaye—"It is possible to achieve sales and still keep the child in mind."

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(Capitol) leads the parade, with "Johnny Appleseed" (RCA Victor) and "Pecos Bill" (RCA Victor) among the top fifteen — all taken from Disney's "Melody Time." Like all such adaptations, "Little Toot" is essentially a visual rather than auditory story; it leans heavily on illustrations that accompany the record and on a catchy tune; the story by itself is quite ordinary. "Johnny Appleseed" is a good version of the popular American legend, with a masterful performance by Dennis Day, but the story is slow in developing. "Pecos Bill" lacks the salty folklore flavor which one expects of a Western tall story and the plot line is somewhat chaotic; the producers of this album could learn a valuable lesson from "Paul Bunyan" (Signature) which, regrettably, is not on the best-seller list. "Bugs Bunny" (Capitol) and "Bugs Bunny and the Tortoise" (Capitol) owe their success to the famous cartoon shorts. Their appeal lies mainly in puns and slapstick humor.

Some records get off to a good start because they are adaptations of well-known books and have the advantage of familiarity. Among this group of best sellers are some good albums: "The Little Engine That Could" (RCA Victor), "Peter Rabbit" (Columbia), and "The Bear That Wasn't" (MGM). Record companies have not yet explored all the possibilities of adapting books to records. It is a rich source of material since publishers have had much more experience with children's likes than the record manufacturers. Though a large proportion of juvenile books are commercial ventures, many publishers and many writers have learned that it is possible to achieve satisfactory sales and still keep the child in mind. With a few exceptions, the record companies have yet to learn this lesson.

"Daddy, play me the one with the totem pole on the cover."

Then, too, there are the old standbys, staple items in anyone's repertoire that are sure to appeal to children and to the adults who buy them. The current best sellers in this category are: Gene Kelly's "Nursery Songs" (Columbia), Frank Luther's "Nursery Rhymes" (Decca), "The Night Before Christmas" (RCA Victor), and "The Gingerbread Boy" (Columbia). While these records are good, and appeal to children, the future of children's records should not depend on standard material. A new literature must be developed for records, one that takes advantage of the auditory aspects of discs and at the same time takes account of the kind of human beings that children are. The consumer must encourage attempts in this direction.

Intensive promotion will also help make an album a best seller. This point is demonstrated by Capitol's "Bozo" albums. "Bozo at the Circus" was the first of the series. It was launched with a promotion campaign which included newspaper and magazine advertising, window displays, radio performances by disc jockeys, excellent relations with record dealers, etc. The album deserved all this attention, for it is unquestionably good and contains an appealing feature, which was novel at the time—a picture book well-integrated with the contents of the records. The succeeding albums, however, are pale imitations of the original. The latest, "Bozo Under the Sea," is a mine of ichthyological misinformation and not only a poor replica of "Bozo at the Circus" but also reminiscent of two excellent, but not best-selling albums, "Lonesome Octopus" (Belda) and "Grumpy Shark" (Belda). However, promotion and the popularity achieved by "Bozo the Clown" have kept all the "Bozo" albums alive and on the best-seller list.

It is gratifying, though unusual, that a few albums are so good that they have come to the top without promotional advantages. For example, "Tubby the Tuba," possibly the best seller of all times, was the first album released by an unknown record manufacturer, Cosmo. Despite these odds, it became a sensational seller overnight and has actually survived the company that mothered it. Other albums that have sold mainly on their merits are: "Genie the Magic Record" (Decca) and "The Little Fireman" (Young People's).

There are a number of excellent albums that have not reached the best-seller list. One group includes adaptations of such classics as "Treasure Island" (Columbia), "The Count of Monte Cristo" (Decca), "The Three Musketeers" (Columbia), and "The

(Continued on page 61)

—David Hebb.

My Favorite Records

W. H. Auden, noted English poet now resident in America, has for long been an avid record collector. Mr. Auden has kept strictly to vocal music in his list, since he felt it would be impossible to encompass the whole range of music within the specified space.

BACH: *"St. Matthew Passion." The Leipzig recording, with Günther Ramin conducting, Lemnitz and Hüsch as soloists.*

BELLINI AND OTHERS: *An Operatic Recital by Claudia Muzio.*

DONIZETTI: *"Don Pasquale." The La Scala recording with Tito Schipa.*

DONIZETTI: *"Lucia di Lammermoor." The version on Parlophone, with Pagliughi and Malipiero, Tansini conducting.*

MOZART: *"Cosi Fan Tutte." The Glyndebourne recording, Fritz Busch conducting.*

VERDI: *"Ritorna vincitor"* from "Aïda." Rosa Ponselle.

VERDI: *"Un Ballo in Maschera." The Rome recording with Gigli and Caniglia, Serafin conducting.*

VERDI: *Requiem. The Rome recording with Caniglia, Stignani, Gigli, and Pinza, Serafin conducting.*

WAGNER: *Quintet from "Meistersinger." Schumann, Schorr, et al.*

WAGNER: *"Herzeleide" scene from "Parsifal." Flagstad and Melchior.*

WAGNER: *"Die Walküre," Acts I and II. The composite Vienna-Berlin recording with Lehmann and Melchior.*

WEBER: *"Und ob die Wolke sie verhüllt" from "Freischutz." Tiana Lemnitz (Polydor version).*

WEBER: *"Gebet des Hüon" from "Oberon." Helge Roswaenge.*

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"The Records I'd Give"

As Chosen by the Critics

THE gift season being almost at hand, we have presented a page of this issue to some of the leading opinion formers of this country, and they in turn have presented us with their free-hand opinions of what recordings they might give their friends as Christmas gifts.

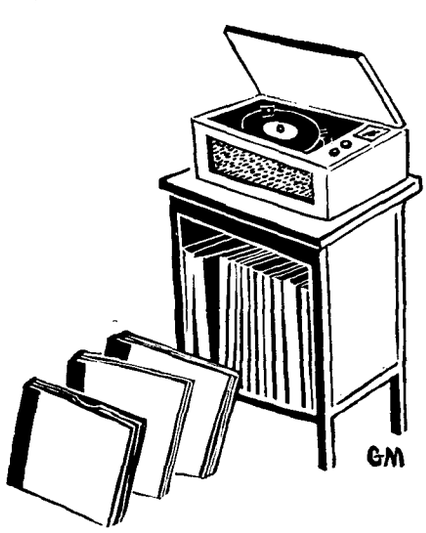
If we see any pattern, it is that four professional listeners are in agreement that the thing their friends would most like to have is a copy of the Brahms Requiem. The four are **Felix Borowski** of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, **Suzanne Martin** of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, **Albert Goldberg** of the *Los Angeles Times*, and **Hilmar Grondahl** of the *Portland Oregonian*. Trust the critics, however, to make things as difficult as possible; for having shown so much agreement, they promptly diverge on which of the year's two versions of the Requiem they consider preferable. Messrs. Borowski, Goldberg, and Grondahl bestow their favor on Herbert von Karajan's direction (Columbia) while Miss Martin, both a critic and female, exercises the prerogative of her sex by nominating the Shaw-RCA Victor Chorale album.

Borowski adds a "hang the expense" to his Brahms recommendation and proceeds with further lavishness to suggest, for a violin-playing friend, the Heifetz recording of Vieuxtemps No. 5 (which he calls "remarkable") and, for a piano fancier, the Saint-Saëns G minor (both RCA Victor) by Moiseivitch. For his single he reverts to a phonographic classic: Bidu Sayao's singing of the "Bachianas Brasilieras No. 5" of Villa-Lobos (on Columbia). Miss Martin is also a Sayao enthusiast, though she prefers the "O Mio Babbino Caro" from "Gianni Schicchi" (Columbia), regretting that the other side "does not have an early Italian art song sung by Pinza." She has children on her list, too, and for them it's Basil Rathbone's "Sinbad the Sailor" (Columbia). Goldberg's friends will get the Prokofieff "Toccata" played by Horowitz (RCA Victor) if he is a man of his word, and asks that we mention his difficulty in preferring the Brahms to Klemperer's direction of the "Brandenburg No. 5" (on Vox). Further up the coast in Oregon, it's a Bampton Christmas for Grondahl, with "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from "Damnation of Faust" (RCA Victor) the No. 1 single. Danny Kaye's "Tubby the Tuba" (Decca) and "Alice in Wonderland" with Bambi Linn (RCA Victor) are his nominations for single and album gifts in the children's category.

John Rosenfeld of the *Dallas News* has a special reason for liking Florence Quartararo's "Tacea le Notte" from "Trovatore" (RCA Victor) as his gift to Texas enthusiasts: "Here is great vocal material," he writes, "and estimable art that could be significant in a few years." With men who know the Dallas Symphony best, it's Copland's "Rodeo" ten to one, to judge from Rosenfeld's notation that "gin rummy players and poker pals have already asked me for 'Rodeo.'"

Though Ravel's "L'Enfant et Les Sortilèges" has but recently been issued, two critics hold it in high favor, for different reasons. **Jerome D. Bohm** of the *New York Herald Tribune* cites it without reservation as the ideal album gift, while **Harvey Taylor** of the *Detroit Times* works it into his list in the children's department. It's a technicality, however, as Taylor adds: "I have deliberately cheated in classifying 'L'Enfant' as a work for children but I think it's one of the year's most important records—just as 'The Medium' was." As may be deduced from the foregoing, Taylor is a Menotti man in the classical album field. Stokowski's recording of the Revueltas "Sensemaya" (RCA Victor) and Thurber's "Many Moons" (Columbia) complete his selections in singles—classical and children's. The Bohm single is Berglund's "Blick ich umher" (RCA Victor).

Sayao—or is it merely Debussy?—wins another vote in the preferences expressed by **Cyrus Durgin** of the *Boston Globe*, who estimates the Columbia recording of "La Demoiselle Elue" with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra as the thing his friends would like to see under their Christmas trees. With it should go Hindemith's "Lively" (Columbia) as enlivened by the Stuyvesant Sinfonietta. "Inside USA" is his choice for a popular album (RCA Victor), with Haydn's "Toy Symphony" (YPR) directed by Max Goberman and Columbia's "Sinbad the Sailor" for the tykes.



Out San Francisco way **Alfred Frankenstein** of the *Chronicle* poses a problem: "When is a single not a single?" He has cagily chosen the Budapest Quartet's playing of the Beethoven Opus 132 as his "single"; but adds, "If LP records are not single, put me down for Koussevitzky's recent 'Academic Festival' under that heading." And the mail carriers who have to deliver the fifty or so Berlioz Requiems that Frankenstein is giving away, will not bless either him, Columbia, or Berlioz. Children's singles, he expressively notes, "Nah." But the Young People's "Building a City" is favorably Frankensteined.

From the periodical press, a vote for some standbys by **Robert Darrell** of *The Review of Recorded Music*: Edwin Fischer's direction of a string orchestra in the six-part "Ricercare" of Bach and Beecham's "Great Elopement" Suite of Handel (both RCA Victor). He thinks children will welcome the Haydn "Trumpet Concerto" as played by Eskdale (Columbia) or the "South African Veldt Songs" of Marias (Decca). **Peter Hugh Reed** of *The American Record Guide* selects the new Stokowski version of "The Swan of Tuonela" (RCA Victor), the "Vienna Waltzes" played by the Alexander Schneider Quintet (Columbia), and Count Basie's "Piano Rhythms" (RCA Victor) for the grownups. For the small fry, "Little Toot" (Capitol) and "Irving the Unemployed Horse" (MGM).

Being neither a horse nor unemployed, the editor regards the last as suspiciously akin to a slur from the genial Reed, but will resolve that aspersion after the holidays. To his friends **Kolodin** proposes the following: Fauré's "Pavane" (Columbia) as a single token of affection, Kathleen Ferrier's "Alto Rhapsody" (English Decca) of Brahms for multiple joy. At least one of the younger set will get Copland's "Appalachian Spring" since she's asked for it now six times, and can be put off no longer. A much younger one will get Thurber's "Many Moons," and a handful of Dizzy Gillespies will make the rounds of the bebop set. For his neighbors, Kolodin proposes a closed phonograph and no music on Christmas Day.

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The Basic Record Library
Instrumental Works

Mozart

CONCERTO FOR PIANO

No. 4 in G, K.41. See Imports.

No. 9 in E flat, K.271. Since Mozart is not to be measured by the standard of any other composer, this work of his twentieth year will surprise no one for its grace and expressiveness. Gieseking's prewar performance with the Berlin State Orchestra directed by Hans Rosbaud is splendidly controlled, the recording still listenable (Columbia).

No. 12 in A, K.414. One would have thought that Louis Kentner, whose sensitive playing of this work is but one of a series of fine recordings, would have made his American debut ere this. The fast movements are animated by care and musicianly understanding the slow movement admirably akin to the cultivated feeling of Sir Thomas Beecham. Both the piano and the London Philharmonic are suitably reproduced (Columbia).

No. 14 in E flat, K.449. The ensemble directed by Adolf Busch is smaller than is customary in the concert hall, but the chamber-music style is respected by Rudolf Serkin. Subtle work all the way (RCA Victor).

No. 15 in B flat, K.450. Fine finger work by Kathleen Long and well-accentuated direction by Boyd Neel have revived the listening pleasures of a work which had, for more than a decade, only Elly Ney as its interpreter. One of the richest dividends of English Decca's enterprise, it has been surpassed by more recent ffrr albums but its quality is high by any measurement.

No. 17 in G, K.453. Whether Columbia will relist the imaginative playing of Dohnanyi (in which he also conducts the Budapest Philharmonic) is uncertain; even preferable would be a new version by him, since he is in this country at the present time. Awaiting that, we can commend the Edwin Fischer (RCA Victor) as a lesser but still respectable treatment of this score, and acceptably recorded.

No. 18 in B flat, K.456. See Imports.

No. 19 in F, K.459. A wartime casualty, and still not rescued from the file of the missing, this performance by Schnabel and Malcolm Sargent has values enduring enough to merit reissue.

No. 20 in D minor, K.466. Iturbi with Walter conducting might be a commendable blend, but the two available editions offer Iturbi as a facile pianist and not very good conductor, Walter as an adroit conductor but not wholly successful pianist. Between the deficiencies, I am inclined to prefer Walter, whose conception is more satisfactory if not always realized. The orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic, which dates the issue accurately. (Both RCA Victor.)

—Drawing from a 1786 painting.

". . . Mozart is not to be measured by the standard of any other composer."

No. 21 in C, K.467. A masterful work, masterfully played by Schnabel, and handsomely accompanied by the London Symphony directed by Sargent. There might be some reservations about the reproduction, but obviously enduring interpretative art must be accepted in its own dimension as time passes and mechanics improve (RCA Victor).

No. 22 in E flat, K.482. Rather methodical playing by Edwin Fischer, which is not disturbed by Barbirolli's equally objective direction of the orchestra. A calm way to enjoy the music, lacking any other (RCA Victor).

No. 23 in A, K.488. One of the two Mozart piano concerti to reach the American market since the war (neither of American origin), there is virtue in the playing of Clifford Curzon, but hardly the special feeling for this work which has kept the Rubinstein version a favorite since the early 1930's. Ffrr is a not inconsequential addition to the merits of Curzon's playing—which are many—but my preference remains with Rubinstein and Barbirolli (RCA Victor). Also see Imports.

No. 24 in C minor, K.491. Casadesus and Fischer are the alternatives here, with not much variation in reproduced quality. Animation and shading are administered by Casadesus (Columbia) with a more supple hand than Fischer (RCA Victor) commands, and it is the former's views which appeal to me.

No. 25 in C, K.503. See Imports.

No. 26 in D ("Coronation"), K.537. Something less than the best of Landowska, it is nevertheless a fluent, sophisticated playing on its own small scale. Walter Goehr is the conductor, and hardly notable (RCA Victor).

No. 27 in B flat, K.595. This is the remarkable work recorded by Schnabel with wisdom and art, by Casadesus with subtlety and finesse, Barbirolli being the uncollaborative collaborator in both. There is an advantage of instrumental fidelity in the more recent Columbia-Casadesus, but a greater fidelity to Mozart in the Schnabel (RCA Victor). Since one has to accept Barbirolli in either case, it might just as well be with Schnabel.

IMPORTS

Considering the quantity of European recording in recent months and years, the attention to these works of Mozart has been distinctly meager. Of indeterminate age (though sounding older than newer) is a lively, stylistic playing by Marguerite Roesgen-Champion of the early No. 4, a work of absorbing felicity despite its derivation by the juvenile Mozart from contemporary (1770) French sources. Albert Wolff conducts, and the recording is typically French-studio in sound (French Columbia). An exceptional accomplishment from the Parlophone catalogue is Lili Kraus's intensely alive performance of the invincibly spirited No. 18 in B flat, done to the remarkably tasteful orchestral direction of Walter Goehr. Denis Matthews's playing of No. 23 in A, on English Columbia, is a further count in the favor of this interesting artist, but not sufficiently forceful to dislodge me from my stand on Rubinstein. I have heard good things about both the No. 25 by Fischer and No. 27 by Backhaus, but neither has been available for audition at this time. However, there is a possibility that the first of these will be cleared by RCA Victor for Red Seal release next spring.

—THE EDITOR.

(To be continued)

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Mozart and the Cheesemonger

I. G. MATTINGLY

UNTIL rather recently, I had always had quite conventional notions about the life and times of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart: a virtuoso at five, in his prime at eight, immortal at twenty, and dead at thirty-six, his whole life following the pattern of tragic genius. That, however, was before I purchased Dennis Brain's recording of Mozart's Fourth Horn Concerto. On the inside front cover of the album are some notes by Morris Hastings. Chapman's Homer has nothing on them when it comes to making you feel like some watcher of the skies into whose ken a new planet has just swum. For Mozart, as the most cursory reading of these notes will make clear, was built on Puckish rather than on tragic proportions. After eulogizing the "delicacy, wit, and charm" of Mozart displayed in these concerti for horn and orchestra, Mr. Hastings tells us that they were composed between 1782 and 1786 for Ignatz Leitgeb, a cheesemonger who had set up shop in Vienna around 1780. Leitgeb is characterized as "a fine horn player . . . and an old friend of the Mozart family." It is hard to believe he remained either for long, in light of the following passage from Mr. Hastings's notes:

> Although Mozart had a genuine affection for the horn player he referred to him playfully as "that ox, ass, and fool of a Leitgeb." And he seems to have made Leitgeb the butt of a number of good-natured practical jokes. For example, Mozart wrote the manuscript score of the E flat Concerto in a variety of colored inks—red, green, blue, and black—in an attempt to confuse and amuse his friend.

I think it was rather stuffy of Mr. Hastings not to tell us some of the other practical jokes, good-natured or otherwise, which the long-suffering cheesemonger endured; but Mr. Hastings, obviously feeling that he has already said more than may discreetly be revealed on the inside cover of a phonograph album, hurries on to a discussion of the horn as an orchestral instrument.

But a little poking around in the attic (my grandmother was a Leitgeb) has brought to light a few tattered folios of closely written German which seem to be Leitgeb's diary, and a full chronicle of the horn player's sufferings may now be set forth for a candid, if none too interested, world. Here are the relevant passages:

[Entry for] *March 17, 1780, O. S.* Vienna at last! Tomorrow I open my cheesemonger's shop. Hope this enterprise will leave me enough leisure time to continue my horn playing. Tomorrow I go to see my old friend Mozart. He is quite a card. I well recall the day he tethered a cow on the roof of our thatched hut in Salzburg.

March 18. He's still the same old Wolfgang! No sooner had I entered his house than he rushed to greet me, crying, "Here he is, that ox, ass, and fool of a Leitgeb!" Stayed quite late, talking about old times. M. promises to compose concerto for me and my horn. Noticed a pretty flower in M.'s buttonhole. "Smell it," he said. I did, and a stream of water squirted in my face. It wasn't a real flower.

November 20, 1782. M. came to visit the shop today, bringing a horn concerto for me to play. It is exquisite. Went out to wait on a customer between movements, and when I returned, I found M. had filled the horn with water. How we all laughed! But I fear the horn will never be quite the same again. Wolfgang has a genuine affection for me, though he always seems to make me the butt of his practical jokes.

January 5, 1783. M. came again today, with two more horn concerti. They are rich in M.'s distinctive delicacy, charm, and wit. But when I tried to play one of them on my new horn I found that Wolfgang had been trying to confuse and amuse me again. He had filled the horn again—this time with a variety of colored inks. Sometimes M. goes a little too far. I took him to task, but he only said, "Oh, now, that ox, ass, and fool of a Leitgeb isn't really angry, is he?" And I wasn't, of course. M. is so good-natured that you can't be angry with him for long.

June 22, 1786. Tomorrow night I play before the Emperor! I, a poor cheesemonger! It is all due to M. He secured an introduction for me and made all the arrangements. He has also written two more concerti for me to play. . . . M. has been very well-behaved lately. He has promised faithfully that there will be no more mummery with the cheese, no more water roses, and no more foreign substances in my horn. I think he is outgrowing his youthful prankishness. Business is booming. The wealthy Frau Schnitzler is my best customer, and promises to send me the fashionable Prater trade.

June 23. I am ruined, ruined! No more can I show my face in Vienna, as either a cheesemonger or a horn player. M. has wiped out both my careers in one fell stroke! He came around to the shop just before closing to accompany me to the palace. He was left alone in the back room for a minute while I waited on the last customer. In the room were my instrument and five pounds of gorgonzola just in from Italy, saved for Frau Schnitzler. The rest followed inevitably, like the action in a Greek tragedy. I was hooted from the stage, and Frau Schnitzler has taken her business across the street. M. and I are through.

Books About Records

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The bibliography of record collecting grows apace. Any of the following can be recommended as Christmas gifts for discomaniac friends.*

GRAMOPHONE SHOP ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RECORDED MUSIC. *Third Edition. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 639 pp. $5.*

An exhaustive compilation of available domestic and foreign classical recordings (up to and including June 1948).

HOW TO BUILD A RECORD LIBRARY. *By Paul Affelder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 256 pp. $3.50.*

As the title indicates, a book for the uninitiated collector whose musical experience is limited.

THE RECORD BOOK: INTERNATIONAL EDITION. *By David Hall. New York: Oliver Durrell. 1948. 1,394 pp. $7.50.*

A comprehensive guide to all domestic and a good proportion of imported records issued up to spring 1948. Also, information on many subjects related to record collecting.

NEW GUIDE TO RECORDED MUSIC. *By Irving Kolodin. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 382 pp. $3.50.*

Evaluating every classical record in the domestic catalogues as of November 1946.

THE GUIDE TO CHILDREN'S RECORDS. *By Philip Eisenberg and Hecky Krasno. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 195 pp. $2.*

For parents who are overwhelmed by the recent outpouring of children's records.

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Reviews of the Month

Vocalists are the VIP's of this month's recordings, including Erna Schlueter and Ljuba Welitsch on the Beecham "Elektra," Kathleen Ferrier in the "Alto Rhapsody," a new "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen" with Zarenska, the French personnel of a complete "Samson," a dozen other opera discs as well as a batch of Caruso reissues. Those allergic to same will find pleasure in a Sargent "Surprise," Dohnányi's "Variations on a Nursery Theme," and Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," animated by Vladimir Horowitz.

When English Meets Greek

STRAUSS: *"Elektra" (Final Scene). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with Erna Schlueter, Ljuba Welitsch, and Paul Schoeffler.* (RCA Victor album 1247, $7.)

On the brink of his seventieth year, Sir Thomas can look back on his sixty-ninth as one of the most productive of his phonographic career. These discs, made in England at the behest and by the investment of RCA, are remarkable for many things: the tense and sometimes well-sung Elektra of Schlueter, the silvery voice of Welitsch as Chrysotemis, the authoritative Orestes of Schoeffler, the full-bodied reproduction; but, to me, most remarkable for the power and detail of Beecham's application to this score, and the amazingly forceful music that results. One can understand why Stefan Zweig, a one-time collaborator himself with Strauss, once wrote to Beecham: "I have heard many a performance of 'Elektra' from the first one, including those of Mahler and Richard Strauss himself . . . but never . . . one more perfect than yesterday."

Zweig was inspired, in part, by the Elektra of Rosa Pauly; but Schlueter, who was a spent singer when she came to New York last winter for Isolde and the Marschallin *after* this recording, is inspired in whole by Beecham. The big dramatic moments are strident, of course, and the voice is hardly beautiful, but I am astonished that she can control the soaring line of the Recognition scene as well as she does. Schoeffler's voice, I am told, has no such size as this recording suggests, but it is all suitability for these needs. The recording is complete from the appearance of Orestes, save for a cut of a page and a half in Elektra's part at a point indicated by Strauss himself.

One-Man Show

MOUSSORGSKY: *"Pictures at an Exhibition." Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* (RCA Victor album 1249, $6.)

Since Ravel was asked by Koussevitzky to score this music, and since Caillet made his version for the Philadelphia Orchestra, there has been increasing doubt that it was ever meant to be piano music. All pianists use versions in which some sort of transformation is worked with Moussorgsky's materials, and Horowitz is no exception. He has preferred to add his own reinforcement of the composer's insufficiently pianistic writing, and the result—for his own performance at any rate—is brilliantly successful.

If one is conscious, in the end, more of Horowitz than either Moussorgsky or Hartmann (whose pictures were the ones involved), that is in the nature of his pianistic personality. I find it here better integrated with the musical material than in most of his recent recordings. From the subtly varied statements of the "Promenade" theme through "Gnomus," a fairly incredible "Tuileries," a sardonic "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle," to a massive statement of "The Great Gate at Kiev," Horowitz is an interpreter of keen sensibilities and unvarying resource. Since the recording of the piano is deep and clear, this must outrank the previous Brailowsky for Victor, as well as the English version by Moisewitch (a smaller scaled effort) for HMV.

The Literate Wit of Dohnányi

DOHNÁNYI: *"Variations on a Nursery Theme." Cyril Smith, piano, with the Liverpool Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.* (Columbia album 779, $4.75.)

If this is a stranger to phonograph listeners who were not aware of its qualities when the original version with the composer at the piano appeared a dozen years ago, and, more recently, have not been able to come by it, it need be no longer. If its concert-hall performances are infrequent —as in the case of the Strauss "Burleske" there is a suggestion of lightness in the mood with which the average virtuoso will have no traffic—this should merely make the record fancier that much more grateful for an experience denied to others.

The theme, of course, is the familiar "Alphabet" song; and Dohnányi has

Erna Schlueter — "a singer . . . inspired in whole by Beecham."

woven into his treatment a rather subtle parody of the lengths to which some composers have gone in the elaboration of hardly more complex themes, as well as half a dozen ingenious melodifications of it on his own. Along the way one can recognize caricatures of Brahms and Liszt, with a grand choral and fugue finale to remind us of Dohnányi's real mastery of orchestral writing. Smith and Sargent are true collaborators, and the recording is warm-toned, well-balanced. The composer's version will retain its interest for historical reasons, but there is more listening pleasure here.

Voices in Their Prime

MAHLER: *"Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen." Eugenia Zarenska contralto, with the London Philharmonic conducted by Eduard van Beinum.* (English Decca album 71, $5.25.)

BRAHMS: *"Alto Rhapsody." Kathleen Ferrier, contralto, with Clemens Krauss conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir.* (English Decca album 69, $5.25.)

HANDEL: *Arias from "Rodelinda" and "Samson," others by Bach and Haydn. Isobel Baillie, soprano, with orchestral accompaniments conducted by Warwick Braithwaite, Leslie Heward, and Basil Cameron.* (Columbia album 780, $6.)

Zarenska, Ferrier, and Baillie are postwar names in music, which with such others as Schwarzkopf, Seefried, Welitsch, and a dozen others herald the next generation of vocal luminaries. Zarenska is a wide-voiced, expressive alto who, I feel, is unequally represented in this performance. She is badly over-microphoned on the open-

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ing "Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht," but the second and third settings are better managed, and the final "Die zwei blauen Augen" is beautifully done. The orchestral part is finely audible throughout, but I prefer the domestic Reiner-Brice as a performance though it is considerably thinner in sound.

For American listeners, the "Alto Rhapsody" has previously been a terrain wholly Marian Anderson's, with her early Philadelphia Orchestra version succeeded by one with Pierre Monteux (the first, it is said, did not satisfy her). I was an unqualified admirer of both, but I cannot deny Miss Ferrier an accolade for a performance of piercing vocal beauty and profound musicianship. Here is an instance where arbitrary preference may be abandoned in deference to the excellence of each. Needless to say, the ffrr sound (perfectly adjusted to both voice and orchestra) is an attraction hard to resist, and the conducting of Krauss is cause for new respect.

Baillie's pure but small voice was a disappointment to me in the Sargent "Messiah," and from these records I comprehend why. When she is required to sing a quick air such as Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" (done in English) the sound is thin and breathy; but the sustained "With Verdure Clad" from Haydn's "The Creation" is a lyric delight. Likewise "Let the Bright Seraphim" from Handel's "Samson," with its brilliant trumpet obbligato, and "Art Thou Troubled?" from his "Rodelinda." The final item is the luxuriantly melodic "Sheep May Safely Graze" from Bach's secular cantata "Was mir behagt." It is capably sung, but I prefer the Schwarzkopf version which Columbia will now, probably, never import. The recordings use various accompaniments (the Hallé and the City of Birmingham Orchestras, as well as the smaller groups appropriate to the individual airs), and the quality of reproduction ranges from good to excellent.

An Indispensable Record

FAURÉ: *"Pavane." Philharmonia Orchestra and chorus directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent.* (Columbia 72707, $1.25.)

If you have only $1.25 to spend for a record this month, let me urge that it be this one. It is, so far as I can determine, a first issue in this form of a work whose quiet lyricism, expressive sensitivity, and musical distinction have been too long unknown to us. Sargent maintains the mood masterfully, and the reproduction is in the best English vein.

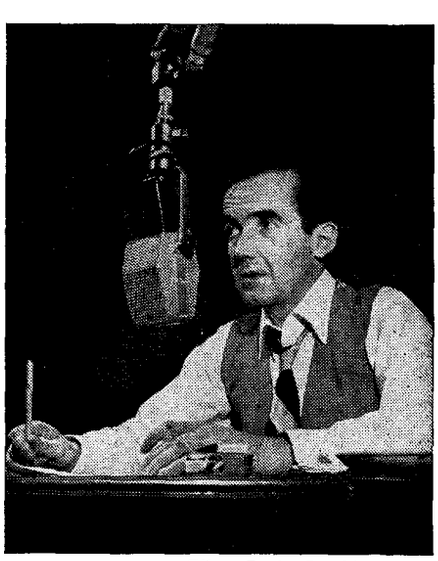
Voices of Doom, Prophets of Hope

MURROW: *"I Can Hear It Now." Edward Murrow, narrator, and the voices of Will Rogers, Huey Long, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Edward VIII, Hitler, Mussolini, Fiorello LaGuardia, Winston Churchill, many others.* (Columbia album 800, $7.25, and LP record ML 4095, $4.85.)

The picture-book of history is a familiar thing, recalling to us through odd-appearing clothes and faded signs amid still vivid shapes and places the happenings of yesterday. Here is another kind of montage—a panorama of sounds and voices which brings in amazing review the events that some of us were fortunate enough to live through since 1933, though millions of others did not.

If there are any who doubt that there was a real crisis in the affairs of men just ten years ago—some propaganda has already begun to persuade us that it was not really as bad as it was made out to be—listen again to the sharp, bitter incitement of Hitler and the tired hopefulness of Chamberlain, to the exultant brawling of Mussolini and the calm America Firsting of Charles A. Lindbergh, the advices and appraisals of Al Smith, General Hugh Johnston, and the other actors of the day who have passed from the stage. In a mounting climax of noise and confusion to our declaration of war, the invasion of Africa, and General Eisenhower's Order of the Day for the Normandy invasion, through the doubts to the triumph, we can still "hear it now."

Columbia has done a more than ordinary commercial service in setting this record before the public, through the eyes, ears, and voice of Edward Murrow. If enough other ears give it heed, perhaps it will arouse some echoes of those days when nothing seemed worse than war, nothing more desirable than peace. Is it only days, weeks, months later that nothing seems less possible than peace, nothing more inevitable than war? At least Columbia has made an effort, an impressive and a worthy effort.



—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

". . . the record, through the eyes, ears, and voice of Edward Murrow."

The marshaling of materials has been done with exceptional skill, the shortwave excerpts and the long-wave dubbings brought into remarkable alignment. False drama has been rigorously excluded, for if there be not drama in the voices of Reynaud and Willkie, Churchill and Roosevelt, Eisenhower and MacArthur, Stalin and Stettinius, who could invent it? Like a family that takes refuge within itself when sickness impends, it reminds us that we once were a community fighting for its life . . . armed against an enemy. Murrow doesn't have to point the lesson . . . long before the end we must all, everyone, say to ourselves: Where is the strength we had in such abundance in those days? Who has taken it from us and how can we get it back? The conclusion must follow, inevitably: It came from the people, and the people must give it again.

Additional to Murrow, who delivers the narrative in something more restrained than the supercharged reticence of his "This is London" manner, a large credit is owing to Fred W. Friendly for his work on the script. Essentially radio-Corwin in use of sound-allusions to parallel verbal quotes, it coordinates a remarkable range of space and time. And, for those who ponder the mechanical genius by which sound effects, verbal dubbings, and the rest are integrated with Murrow's voice, it may be interesting to know that the disc called upon its archenemy, tape, for an assist in this worthy project.

Some of the excerpts have been available on records previously, but many more are from the files of CBS, never before offered for public sale and consumption. The radio flash of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the announcement of Roosevelt's death, the description of the funeral cortege, the introduction of Harry Truman to the Congress for the first time, announcing the San Francisco convention, it is all there for anyone not to read as he runs, but to hear as he ponders. We have heard of the "voice of outraged humanity." Here it is . . . up to and including the bomb. "We have won the race against Germany," we hear President Truman say. Whom are we racing now? —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 65 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartet in F, Opus 135. Paganini Quartet. RCA Victor album 1253, $4.75.	A replica, in executive clarity and musical justice, of the expert playings of the "Rasoumovsky" quartets noted in RECORDINGS of last November. As the previous Budapest version had some shortcomings, this performance is especially welcome. The recording is finely managed, but the surfaces are a trial. Why no Vinylite for this?
Britten: "Peter Grimes" ("Four Sea Interludes"). Sir Malcolm Sargent and the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album X-303, $3.50.	More detailed performance, to my taste, than the alternative one on Decca by Van Beinum, and magnificently reproduced. The price differential, at domestic rates, is also a count for Sargent.
Buxtehude: "Aperite Mihi Portas Justitiae." Aksel Schiotz, tenor, Else Sigfuss, alto, H. Norgaard, bass, with string and harpsichord accompaniment. RCA Victor 12-0553, $1.25.	An oddity chosen by RCA to honor the first appearance in this country of Schiotz, it is also a notable addition to the limited works of this composer in the domestic catalogues. Sigfuss is a well-sounding alto, Norgaard a resonant bass—and Schiotz hardly needs introduction. Vocal chamber music performed in musical and tonal harmony.
Chopin: Concerto in F minor (No. 2). Witold Malcuzynski, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletski. Columbia album 776, $6.	Malcuzynski is hardly the individualist that Rubinstein is, and some of the subtleties of that artist's treatment escape him; but he is a gifted technician and possessed of a fine tone for this music. What makes the issue notable, however, is the rolling richness of the recording, the best of a piano and orchestra I have heard. Kletski does well also.
Delibes: "Coppelia" extracts. Constant Lambert conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra. Columbia album 775, $6.	The most of this delightful score to be recorded to date, it offers a "Bolero," "Gigue," "Pas de Deux," "Prayer," and "Waltz," as well as the more familiar "Mazurka," "Czardas," and "Thème Variée." Rather aggressive conducting, accentuated by boisterous recording. No orchestra could be so blatant.
Haydn: Symphony in G ("Surprise"). Liverpool Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcom Sargent. Columbia album 781, $4.75.	Fluent, limber playing under the discreet direction of Sargent, who has succeeded to the mantle of Hamilton Harty as a conductor of generally admirable qualities in this music. Much the best "Surprise" now available.
Liszt: Concerto No. 2 in A. Malcuzynski, piano, and the Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Walter Susskind. Columbia album 777, $4.75.	More of the "new era" in concerto recording as noted in the Chopin above. A big impulsive performance whose more than modest virtuosity is made to sound the equal of two Petris (its last domestic competitor) by overwhelming recording. And the Lisztian orchestration snarls and blares almost frighteningly in the lively Süsskind's hands.
Mozart: Symphony in B flat, No. 33. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia album 778, $4.75.	Sooner than anticipated, this item mentioned in last month's BASIC LIBRARY has been processed for local approval. The Viennese love for resonance behind the orchestral sound is back again to plague us, but the results are otherwise of high quality. Karajan has a little love of brilliance for brilliance's sake as the odd-side "Figaro" overture attests, but it is mostly restrained in the symphony.
Rachmaninoff: Four Songs. James Melton, tenor, with Oscar Shumsky, violin, and Carroll Hollister, piano. RCA Victor album 1251, $3.50.	Melton's commercial value to RCA may entitle him to this indulgence, but there is little justification in his reedy tones, emotional exaggeration, and stylistic gaucheries. The titles are familiar: "In the Silence of the Night," "O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair," "To the Children," and "The Cherry Tree." In any case, Shumsky is an admirable violinist, Hollister an able pianist.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 in C minor. Cyril Smith, piano, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia album 774, $7.75.	With this issue, Columbia offers tacit admission that it shares the negative opinion expressed when its version with Sandor appeared two years ago. Whatever his other virtues, however, Smith is hardly a big enough pianist, tonally, to hold his own with the amount of orchestral sound indicated by Rachmaninoff. Since the fairly recent Rubinstein playing seemed to me inferior to the best of which that artist is capable, and the Eileen Joyce-Decca is still awaiting release here, I would urge a search for the Moiseiwitch to anyone who must have this music, and who considers the composer's own playing—peerless in power and style—tonally outmoded.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Scheherezade." Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album 772, $7.25.	A methodical and not very meaningful performance which suggests that the whole thing was either a bore, or at least a chore, for Ormandy. The orchestra, of course, could play this work brilliantly in its sleep, and sometimes sounds as though it is. An exception to this is Alexander Hilsberg's solo violin, which is uncommonly fine. Strong, clean recording, but dull by the standards offered in the Malcuzynski and Britten releases noted elsewhere on this page. Time for a new Stokowski.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Sadko." Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1252, $3.50.	An earlier form of the material subsequently used by Rimsky in his opera, and full of originality and daring, considering that it dates from 1867. Monteux's direction is a masterpiece of coloring and accentuation, though the recording—clear at top and bottom—is muffled in the middle. On the fourth side is the Introduction to "Coq D'Or," which, save for thin-sounding strings, is credible enough.
Stravinsky: "Sacre du Printemps." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. English Decca album 59, $9.45.	The exceptional success of Decca with its Stravinsky-Ansermet series continues in this magnificent version by Van Beinum, the first inkling to us of his disposition in such a direction. One is impressed above all with his feeling for the pure musical line and continuity of the score; it may lack some of the rhythmic subtlety of Monteux's recent one for RCA, and the kind of lean sound Stravinsky prefers in his own playing is absent, but it is peerless for sonority and distinctness. A true *tour de force*! —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Opera Roundup

ROBERT LAWRENCE

IT IS good to have a complete recording of the Saint-Saëns "Samson et Dalila" (Columbia albums OP 28 and 29), to hear this somewhat underrated score on the gramophone instead of from the stage. More oratorio than opera, "Samson et Dalila" —unless sung by a mezzo-contralto with a voice of dark velvet and an electrifying *physique du rôle*—is better concert than theatre music. Its characters do not converse, they declaim. Their speeches touch the abstract instead of the dramatic. The imposing choruses in the work, sculptural to the ear, are static to the eye.

These theatrical drawbacks can be swept aside by the presence of a first-rate, tempestuous Dalila. But how often is one to be found? On the basis of her performance in the new Columbia set—recorded two years ago by the forces of the Paris Opéra—it would seem that Helène Bouvier is a conscientious singer, vocally acceptable, but lacking in the variety of musical accent, of interpretative color, that the role needs to make it live. José Luccioni comes nearer the mark as Samson. There are times when he forces; but he often has the ringing tone of a true dramatic tenor and a fervent understanding of the part.

All of the other roles are competently taken. Paul Cabanel is an authoritative High Priest; Charles Cambon sings resonantly in the thankless part of Abimelech; and an artist billed simply as Médus supplies a solid basso for the measures of the Old Hebrew.

The work of the chorus is consistently good, that of the orchestra rather spotty. A playing of the two albums that make up the recording is interesting chiefly for the fragrant atmosphere of the orchestral score and the three wonderful tunes that Saint-Saëns has written for Dalila as well as her peroration of the last scene. Louis Fourestier, familiar to Metropolitan Opera audiences, conducts adequately. The recording job is routine.

This month it is possible to hear another interpretation of Samson: a moving one by Enrico Caruso in the Victor Heritage Series. The tenor sings the prison scene of the third act, "Vois ma misère, hélas!" (RCA Victor 15-1039), with the humanity and vocal greatness that can make the Saint-Saëns score into an exciting opera. Nine other Caruso sides have been released currently on double-faced records of the Heritage Series. They represent varying degrees of excellence. Best are the aria (sung in Italian) from "Les Huguenots" (RCA Victor 15-1037), offered with superb purity of style, and the appealing Romance from the "Bohême" of Leoncavallo (RCA Victor 15-1038). Least rewarding is the "Spirito Gentil" from Donizetti's "Favorita" (RCA Victor 15-1036), for which Caruso's voice—on recording day in 1906—proved too dark and inflexible.

Of the recent records released by Columbia and Victor this month, the finest is easily Licia Albanese's singing of excerpts from two Massenet operas. Not equipped by nature with the weight of voice for the "Herodiade" aria (in this respect, the recordings of "Il est doux, il est bon" by Ninon Vallin and Rose Bampton are superior), she still convinces through a strong sense of musical style; and in the "Adieu, petite table," on the reverse side, Miss Albanese offers an ideal page of "Manon" (RCA Victor 12-0525). In an age when sensitivity is at a premium, it is good to hear work of this caliber. Jean Morel, conducting the Victor Concert Orchestra, supplies expert accompaniments.

THE nadir of the month is the love duet from the first act of "Tosca," directed by Mr. Morel at so headlong a pace that the countless pauses and inflections at the heart of Puccini's music go ignored. Florence Quartararo, though lacking the dramatic color of a real "Tosca" voice, performs capably. She is handicapped by the performance of Ramon Vinay, whose singing on this record is of low technical standard. One of his phrases, "Mia sirena, verrò!," comes off so disadvantageously that it is hard to understand why Victor released the disc (RCA Victor 12-0531).

Miss Quartararo does better in her recording of Leonora's first-act aria from "Trovatore," though it is an open question why this accomplished young lyric soprano should be shunted, for recording purposes, into the dramatic world of "Trovatore" and "Tosca." Mr. Morel again conducts with some strange ideas of Italian opera tempi, and the record has a bad break between sides. Miss Quartararo, singing the cabaletta "Di tale amor" with real skill, shows what she can do in music where darkly dramatic color is not paramount (RCA Victor 12-0530).

The month also brings an ably sung recording by Oscar Natzka—currently at the New York City Center—of Sarastro's two arias from "The Magic Flute," in English translation by Edward Dent (Columbia 72641); a dullish performance of the "Pagliacci" Prologue by Paolo Silveri, a baritone active in Rome and London (Columbia 72642); an agreeable coupling by Robert Merrill of excerpts from "Zaza" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" (RCA

(*Continued on page* 63)

—*Joe Covello-Black Star.*

Licia Albanese and Jean Morel.—"It is good to hear work of this caliber."

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

NOVEMBER is not this reviewer's favorite month. As is usual at this time, the record companies have nearly drowned us in new releases: a vast assortment of favorite classics interspersed with "Special Christmas Records." Many of the latter reach a level that can only be described as rock-bottom, but there have also been some good carols, particularly those recorded for Decca (under Sir Malcolm Sargent) by the Royal Choral Society, whose Annual Carol Concert at the Royal Albert Hall is invariably a popular event.

Decca's main contribution this month, a complete "St. Matthew Passion" by the Bach Choir under Dr. Jacques, has not yet arrived and will have to be left for the next report—not an unwelcome state of affairs in view of the ground to be covered here anyway.

Late in October, the Delius Fellowship, HMV's new "Society," issued its first two volumes, a complete recording of the opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet." In their publicity leaflet the "Fellowship" informs us that, providing their present project receives the expected support from the public, they will proceed with the Delius "Mass of Life" during 1949. The guiding spirit, the driving force behind all this activity is, of course, Sir Thomas Beecham—as persuasive an advocate as any composer might wish for. He is in charge of the present recording, whose greatest asset is the playing of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under his direction. This is indeed glorious, and beautifully recorded as well; the singing, on the other hand, is not quite on that level. In almost any other opera this would have mattered greatly, yet in this lovely work I found myself strangely indifferent to the vocal qualities of the singers. Sir Thomas has assembled here a cast without a single name of international renown, partly, I imagine, for reasons of economy, partly, no doubt, because this is no opera for "stars," musicianship and teamwork counting far more than individual vocal brilliance.

The two title roles of Sali and Vreli are sung with taste and charm by René Soames (tenor) and Lorely Dyer (soprano), though neither sounds young enough for the part (the unhappy lovers are in their late teens); other principals are Frederick Sharp, Dennis Dowling, and Gordon Clinton, all baritones. The voices have not been recorded with quite the same excellence as the orchestra. The lovers are generally too close to the microphone for comfort, and the engineers have failed to give us a feeling of space in the opening and fairground scenes. Yet in this sad little tale, based on a novel by the Swiss author Gottfried Keller, the orchestra is undoubtedly the main storyteller—indeed the work might be likened to a long symphonic poem with vocal obbligati—and the singers' shortcomings are more than outweighed by the beauty and sensitivity of the playing. Sir Thomas deserves our thanks for the way in which he has justified his own love and enthusiasm for this opera.

HMV's November list is headed by a new "Eroica" Symphony, played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Furtwängler. These Vienna records sound impressive, though they are somewhat lacking in brilliance and endowed with excessive reverberation, presumably as an antidote to the magnificent but ill-fated Toscanini performance, which the new set will replace in our domestic catalogue. The performance is the usual mixture we have come to expect from this conductor—moments of real inspiration alternating with passages where we can almost hear Beethoven turning in his grave. It is an eternal pity that a conductor who can rise here and there to such tremendous heights should have in him a streak of such vulgarity and exhibitionism that causes him to accelerate each time the music becomes louder. His frequent disregard for Beethoven's tempi is well illustrated by the much too slow Trio, and by the manner in which he drags the two string variations in the Finale. Yet there is so much here that is fine and noble, a splendid orchestra and impressive sonority, that one cannot possibly dismiss this set as unwelcome.

For Columbia, Dinu Lipatti (piano) and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Von Karajan have recorded a stunning performance of the Schumann Concerto. I have chosen my adjective very deliberately, for it gives a precise indication of the merits and defects of this remarkable effort. Lipatti's performance is most brilliant and technically flawless, but it lacks that feeling of intimacy so essential to the nature of this work. Between them, Lipatti, Karajan, and the recording engineers have given us some exciting listening, but many will still turn to Cortot or Myra Hess for the real Schumann.

Other recent or forthcoming English releases

ALBEÑIZ: "Evocacion" from "Iberia"; and De Falla: "Danza No. 2" from "La Vida Breve." Gonzalo Soriano (piano). HMV.

BACH: Partita in D minor. Alfredo Campoli (violin). Decca.

BACH: "St. Matthew Passion." Elsie Suddaby, Kathleen Ferrier, Eric Greene, William Parsons, Bruce Boyce, Henry Cummings, Gordon Clinton, and The Bach Choir & Jacques Orchestra—Dr. Reginald Jacques. (42 sides.) Decca.

BEETHOVEN: "Emperor" Concerto. Schnabel & Philharmonia—Galliera. HMV.

BERLIOZ: Overture, "King Lear." Royal Philharmonic—Beecham. HMV.

BRUCH: Violin Concerto. Ida Haendel & Philharmonia—Kubelik. HMV.

DELIBES: "Sylvia" Ballet Music. Hallé Orchestra—Barbirolli. HMV.

DVORAK: "Golden Spinning Wheel." Royal Philharmonic—Beecham. HMV.

GIORDANO: "Un di all' azzuro spazio" from "Andrea Chenier"; and Verdi: "O Carlo, ascolta" from "Don Carlos." Paolo Silveri. Col.

MENDELSSOHN: "Italian" Symphony. Turin Orchestra—Mario Rossi. Decca.

MENDELSSOHN: Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"; and "Fair Melusina." Royal Philharmonic—Beecham. HMV.

ROSSINI: Overture, "La Cambiale di Matrimonio." Augusteo Orchestra—Bellezza. Col.

SCHUBERT: "Marche Militaire" & "Rosamunde" Entr'acte. Liverpool Philharmonic—Sargent. Col.

SIBELIUS: Second and Sixth Symphonies. Royal Philharmonic—Beecham. HMV.

STRAUSS: "Blue Danube" Waltz. Vienna Philharmonic—Karajan. Col.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Third Symphony. Royal Philharmonic—Beecham. HMV.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Sixth Symphony ("Pathetique"). Paris Conservatoire—Muench. Decca.

WAGNER: "Tannhäuser's Narrative." Set Svanholm. HMV.

WOLF-FERRARI: Overture, "Segreto di Susanna"; and Intermezzo, "I Quattro Rusteghi." Augusteo Orchestra—De Sabata. HMV.

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Backhaus's return to records is marred by a rather senseless choice of works. Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, was issued earlier this year. The pianist then was Arrau, and Backhaus might well have chosen one of the many sonatas which are unobtainable outside the Society albums. His performance is excellent, however, in spite of occasional slight disagreements with the composer's markings (Arrau's were much worse). On the spare side he plays Schubert's Chopinesque E flat Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2, which also appears as a "fill-up" for Lili Kraus's Parlophone recording of the "Rosamunde" Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 3. She is yet another artist making a more than welcome reappearance and her playing, as ever, has all the grace and style that we associate with Vienna.

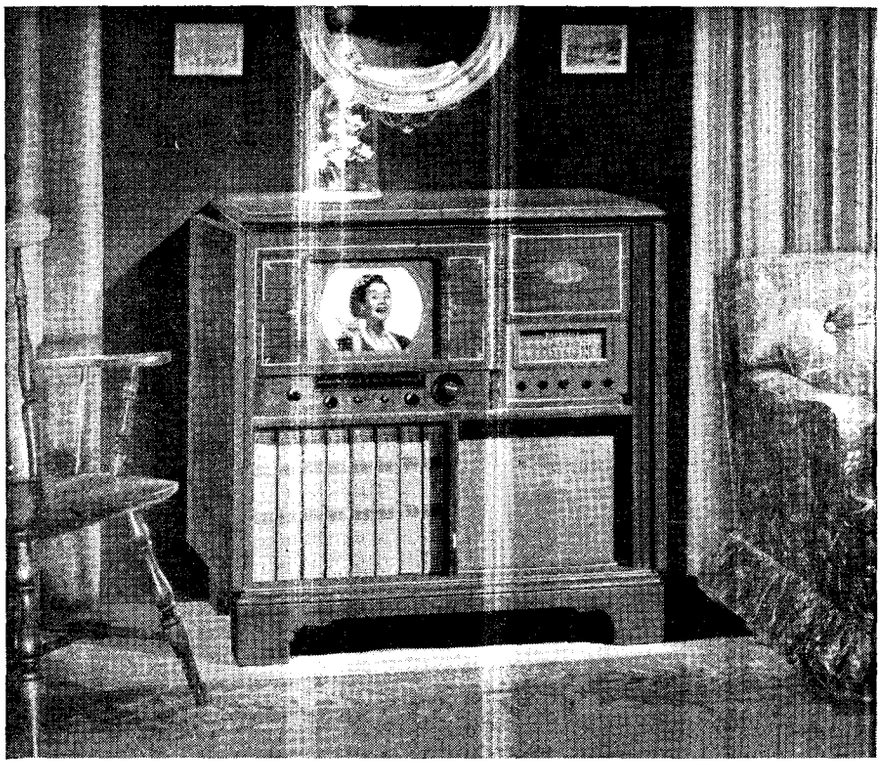
I found Malcuzynski's performance of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata patchy and erratic. Occasional moments of grandeur are offset by muddy passages and clusters of wrong notes.

Columbia's best contribution by far is a wholly delightful performance of Brahms's "Liebeslieder Walzer," Op. 52, sung by a superb quartet from Vienna—Irmgard Seefried, Elizabeth Hoengen, Hugo Meyer-Welfing, and Hans Hotter. It is difficult to imagine a better recording or a performance that enters more fully into the spirit of this charming work. Friedrich Wührer and Hermann von Nordberg also contribute largely to its excellence by their accomplished playing of the four-handed piano part. We do not seem to be able to escape from the Viennese atmosphere this month, for it is present in large measure in the recording debut of baritone Erich Kunz. He gives us spirited and stylish renderings of two favorite Mozart arias, "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen" ("Zauberflöte") and "Non più andrai" ("Figaro"), well supported by the Vienna Philharmonic.

Flagstad's opulent voice holds one spellbound, whatever she may choose to sing. No doubt there are many works one would rather have heard her perform than Handel's "Largo" (with recitative) and Bizet's "Agnus Dei," but she brings to them a regal magnificence that makes this record an outstanding one.

Margherita Carosio's performance of "Una voce poco fa" ("Barbiere"), though above the average in quality, is hardly compatible with her current billing, by one of our impresarios, as "the world's greatest soprano." On the other hand, a record by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf of songs by Thomas Arne and Mozart confirms that, in her, we have definitely found a singer of the Elisabeth Schumann class.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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Some Highs and Lows

READY TO PLAY

SINCE this writer first pointed out the virtues of the then somewhat novel separate-unit phonograph system for general home use (*SRL*, October 5 and 12, 1946) there has been increased interest in the possibilities of such an outfit for high-quality reproduction and flexibility at low cost. The biggest stumbling block right along for the slightly timid consumer (as well I know, having assisted personally at a number of installations) is the appalling prospect of hooking the thing up, for the separate components —record changers, motors, pickups, amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners, speakers—come in factory cartons, often unassembled, and invariably with horrid, naked wires sticking out where plugs ought to be.

Fine news for the listener, then, is that both manufacturers and sellers have begun to discover that a prewired outfit, ready to plug together and play, is worth any three of the naked wire variety. The idea is catchy. Everywhere the hooking-up process is being attended to painlessly, ahead of time, and to your order. A blessing, and a last major obstacle removed, for many of us. You may acquire a ready-wired, separate-unit system in several ways. First, a number of the primary manufacturers of such basic components as amplifiers and speakers have designed home systems around their own products, filling them out with units from other manufacturers, often directly named. At the higher end of the price scale, for example, the Collins Audio Company (Westfield, N. J.) offers everything up to a transcription player and a television chassis, assembled to your order. Altec Lansing has a "home music system" service that not only wires the parts for you but gives extensive advice as to installation in your particular home situation. At the lower cost end, but still—in this column's opinion—within the high-fidelity area, is Bogen's "PK-1" system, built around the Bogen PH 10 amplifier already recommended in this column (RECORDINGS, June 1948), plus a Webster changer with lightweight crystal, unidentified "woofer" twelve-inch speaker, and a University "tweeter" (picturesque terminology for separate high- and low-frequency speakers). Consumers Union recently suggested a similar outfit to its membership also based on the Bogen amplifier. So popular has this recommendation become—it was, of course, originally intended for home assembly and wiring—that several radio parts stores now have arrangements whereby they will wire up the CU outfit complete on request, exactly as specified or with any changes the purchaser may want. (CU booklet with instructions, sources for parts and for ready-wired systems, 50¢, 38 East 1st St., New York 3.) A bit of local inquiry, moreover, indicates that most radio parts dealers will hook up almost any equipment you choose, and will test it, too, for little or no extra charge. (This column heartily recommends the policy to every parts dealer, whether mail order or over-the-counter.)

Another source of ready-wired equipment in separate units is the large mail order house. Lafayette-Concord (Chicago, New York) this year gives nine catalogue pages to separate-unit equipment for "high-fidelity" home use. Two ready-to-play systems of medium expense are offered, in this case with AM-FM radio tuners, the whole mounted in a cabinet. In effect these are console machines, but with the great advantage of known-make separate units, quickly detachable, individually replaceable. A simpler system uses the ubiquitous Bogen PH 10 amplifier, GE speaker, and the usual Webster changer, here with the GE pickup and preamplifier, plus a Meissner 8C FM tuner—the whole for $125, speaker mounting to be acquired separately. You won't be able to do much better than that. Most mail-order houses will give extensive free advice on your problems, but so far not all have caught on to the ready-wiring service.

As to cabinetwork, the speaker excepted, your ready-wired system will play in the kitchen sink if you want it to, and a convenient shelf or table or bit of empty furniture may suffice to hold it. You can mount your speaker in a flat baffle with good results, but a separate cabinet for it is best, and they come plain and fancy. You will find, for a price, all manner of empty console cabinets, record-changer holders, amplifier racks, and super modernistic-multiple-unit furniture if more elaborate housing is wanted. (Look at the Jensen "Customode" line of flexible modern style units.) But before you go too far, give a good look around the attic, or the local jumble shop, investigate the many lines of cheap unpainted furniture and adjustable shelving, or get out your own saw and hammer. In any case—no wiring to be done. That's one major problem solved.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Another Side to the Collector Story

GEORGE SEAMAN

WRITTEN from the customers' viewpoint and from the perspective of a disinterested spectator, to whom the apparent antics of the collectors admittedly are no less mysterious than the mechanics of the rare records business, Roland Gelatt's recent article "Sold to the Highest Bidder" [*SRL* RECORDINGS, Sept. 25] will undoubtedly go a long way toward providing a better understanding of this controversial subject. As a former collector as well as a dealer in current and out-of-print classical records, however, I feel there is another side to the story.

Along with the consumers, I and other dealers hope that the recording companies will continue their splendid work of restoring desirable material to their catalogues. Every legitimate dealer welcomes these reissues which enrich the record line, stimulate sales, and create good will. But it is not uncommon for typical collectors to shy away from the readily available items until they are again threatened with extinction. Obviously, the record companies cannot profitably add new issues to their lists without periodically deleting others. Where, then, shall the scholar, the music lover, and the collector turn for the out-of-print material he needs, the discs he broke or did not get around to buying when they were available, and the records his mother used to play when he was a child? How much are such records worth, and what are the most satisfactory procedures in transacting business in these unusual wares?

The collector, if he has time and patience, and is not looking for specific items, can still find old records at second-hand furniture dealers, junk shops, and marginal record dealers who handle used discs. It goes almost without saying that the quest for worth-while material, if pursued through such channels, is only occasionally rewarded by a find, that one is apt to spend more money in this manner and get less real value for it even though one buys inexpensively, and that one usually must work through old bedding, trash accumulations, and piles of useless records before being able to make a purchase. Most often the choice is restricted, the dealer has not classified his wares, and does not know what he has in stock. Not infrequently, a nonspecialist dealer is prone to regard all old records as priceless treasures, and charge accordingly. Moreover, the chances of finding out-of-print classical recordings of more recent vintage are negligible.

Unlike the occasional dealer, the specialist builds up a store of out-of-print records for the convenience of people anywhere who may want certain records at any time. The functions of the collectors' shop are obvious. In the new-records department, as well as in the out-of-print section, the operator places selection above rapid turnover, stocking slow-moving material for the prestige of having a full line. He depends on the good will of his clients to purchase new issues and easy-to-find material if he is to continue to spend special efforts to provide scarce new records at list price. In the out-of-print department, the specialist invests time, space, money, and energy in maintaining a supply. The specialist usually cannot buy entire collections inexpensively as he has no customers for merely "used records"; he will pay good prices for rare records and must be paid for his work.

He is expected to know music, artists, recordings, and statistics. Some of the goods which he must stock never leaves his shelves. For these reasons he would seem to be entitled to a larger margin on collectors' items than on new records, or he might well ask himself why he should assume the burden of procuring and stocking rare, high-priced records while the companies deliver fast-selling standard goods to his doorstep on which nobody begrudges him his operating margin. Actually, the specialist often clears little more on rare items than on new merchandise, even though the work on the single records is back-breaking—playing, card-indexing, cross-referring, providing of minute descriptions as to condition, years of issue and deletion, and other pertinent information. Unfortunately, many of the most ardent music lovers and collectors are located, economically, in the lower middle class and cannot afford to indulge in large purchases, with the result that the collectors' business is essentially small business. On the other hand, the specialist cannot buy out-of-print material at low prices as he buys primarily from informed people who know that out-of-print records fetch more money than current ones. Obviously, these factors combine to create market conditions of a special sort.

Before we consider the question of intrinsic values and prices, it will be well to examine the "sources of demand." Here we find—and this is of cardinal importance for a better understanding of the situation—that the demand for recently deleted records and records still listed in the catalogues, but actually out of print, is

"Just some composer getting inspiration for a symphony."

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DM-913 3 12" Records $4.75 ☐

HAYDN—Symphony No. 97 in C: London Phil. Orch., Sir T Beecham cond.
DM-1059 3 12" Records $4.75 ☐

MOZART—Symphony No. 38 in D, K.504 St. Louis Symph. Orch., Golschmann
DM-1085 3 12" Records $4.75 ☐

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DM-1084 4 12" Records $6.00 ☐

RACHMANINOFF — Concerto No. 2 in C Min. **A. Rubinstein,** London Symph. Orch.
DM-486 4 12" Records $6.00 ☐

SCHUMANN—Concerto in A Minor—**A. Rubinstein,** RCA Victor Orch.
DM-1176 4 12" Records $6.00 ☐

J. S. BACH—Brandenberg Concerti No. 2 in F and 5 in D., Boston Symph.
DM-1118 4 12" Records $6.00 ☐

MAGGIE TEYTE—Songs of Debussy, Alfred Cortot at the piano
MO-322 7 12" Records $8.00 ☐

VERDI—Aida, Famous Artists of La Scala Opera Co. with Orchestra
DM-54 2 Vols. 19 Records $25.75 ☐

CHOPIN—Les Sylphides—Boston "Pops" Orch., A. Fiedler
DM-1119 3 12" Records $4.75 ☐

MASCAGNI—Cavalleria Rusticana—Famous La Scala Opera Artists
DM-98 9 12" Records $12.25 ☐

BRAZILIAN SONGS—**Elsie Houston** with Pablo Miguel at the piano
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generally far greater than that for statistically rare long-discontinued material. At the same time, the supply of recently discontinued items, which cannot be replaced at will, is naturally limited. The Schumann Concerto by Myra Hess is a case in point. It is still listed in the 1948 Victor catalogue, creating a demand for it, but is not available from the company. The dealer who will pay no more than list price for a good used set because he does not like to place too high a price on used records which are still listed will find himself out of stock on an item which the prestige of his store alone requires that he be able to supply. The result is that he will step up his buying and selling prices for this album until he has an adequate supply in stock. When, as, and if the item is reissued, the collectors' shop takes a loss on the used sets, unless they are first editions or particularly fine early pressings which will continue to command premium prices because of their superior quality.

OTHER factors governing price are desirability, frequency of occurrence, and condition. The desirable, but common Ponselle recording of "Pace, mio Dio" from "Forza del Destino" is scarce because those who own it are inclined to keep it. Her old acoustic Columbia records, for some mysterious reason, rarely show up in good condition; we will pay three times as much for clean copies without wear or scratches. The Leider record cited by Mr. Gelatt is valuable, not because of the label, but because the Victor Company listed it only in the 1932 catalogue. Galli-Curci's "Caro Nome" can be found in old furniture stores for fifty cents. If a specialist will ask two dollars for a clean copy, at least one-half of the price is in the nature of a service charge. (There are two versions, one with, one without recitative, both under the same number; the specialist can distinguish them by looking at the grooves.)

The collector's preoccupation with labels and first editions is a much misunderstood subject. I have yet to see a 100 per cent label bug who would prefer an original pressing in poor condition to a better copy of a later pressing. When a collector is looking for Monarch, DeLuxe, or Grand Prize labels or seems to prefer piano to orchestra accompaniment, he is in reality looking for certain early specimens of great vocal art, many of which only exist under those labels. There is often a parallel between label (recording period) and voice (age of artist). Obviously the voices of Sembrich, Scotti, and Melba were in better condition in 1904 than in 1914. As regards early Victor recordings which

remained in the catalogue over a number of years during which new labels were introduced, it has been established beyond doubt that the 1904-12 pressings, made under the so-called Grand Prize and Patent labels, sound infinitely better than the single-faced and double-faced "plain label" pressings made between 1923 and 1926. It may not be a coincidence that the latter were made to sell at much lower prices than the former—paralleling a similar price-quality trend in our own time. Here again, the interest in the label is not primarily because of its appearance, but for the better reproduction. We have generally found that the 1908-12 Patent label records, because of their smooth material, sound better than the rougher Grand Prizes, which points up at least one instance where a second or third edition can be more desirable than a first edition.

As regards my conception of the proper manner in which to conduct a specialist business for music lovers and collectors, it is, of course, exemplified by the policies of my own enterprise. While I do not wish to set my principles up as a guidepost for others, I still find the "fully disclosed" method most satisfying both for myself and bona fide customers. New clients who invariably gravitate to the "higher-than-list-price" shelves and files are directed to the other side of the store and encouraged to investigate list-price opportunities before spending more. The Victor catalogue is handed to those who ask for Caruso records, and if they insist on selecting "Celeste Aida," which is still in the catalogue, from the file of original old records, or a prewar pressing of an album which is also available new at list price, we call their attention to the new records as a matter of routine. Of course, the prices of all collectors' records are either marked on the inside of the albums on the shelves or, in the case of single records, on the index cards which are accessible to buyers and sellers alike and provide data for the guidance and protection of the customer.

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WHAT SELLS CHILDREN'S RECORDS?

(Continued from page 48)

Lost Horizon" (Decca). It is interesting that all these albums have had the advantage of fine productions and such stars as Basil Rathbone, Herbert Marshall, Errol Flynn, and Ronald Colman. Yet they failed to be best sellers because their appeal is limited to older children and most records are purchased for younger children. In addition, they are relatively expensive.

Examples of another group of excellent but non-best-selling albums include such records as: "Little Indian Drum" (Young People's), "Let's Play Animals" (Allegro), "Songs to Grow On: Nursery Days" (Disc), "The Fisherman and the Flounder" (Mercury), and "The Revolt of the Alphabet" (Tiffany). These albums are not "commercial" in the sense that they are not big productions. They are modest, but highly satisfactory, efforts. The first three albums are designed to stimulate activities in younger children. The others are simply good and well-produced stories for older children. There is a growing interest in such recordings, but not enough people have realized their merits to make them best sellers.

One of the reasons for the failure of these and other meritorious albums applies principally to the albums released by the smaller record companies. Most record dealers cannot afford to stock all children's records, and tend to favor best sellers, which are almost exclusively the product of the larger companies. As a result, the purchaser does not have a complete choice of all the best albums when he walks into a record store.

ANOTHER factor that accounts for the failure of certain excellent albums and the success of some poor ones is a lack of discrimination on the part of many purchasers. This may be because the field is still new and somewhat confusing. Perhaps if purchasers were aware of the infiuence records have upon their children, they would be more careful. Unlike adults, children listen to their favorite records over and over again. They are much more impressionable than adults, and take their stories more seriously. It is difficult to estimate the effect that a best-selling album like "Tales of Uncle Remus" (Capitol) can have upon children's minds. It is told in an extremely broad Negro dialect, which is not only difficult to comprehend, but helps perpetuate false stereotypes about the Negro people. Certainly it will not promote harmony and understanding among peoples as is done in such good but non-best-selling albums as "Herman Ermine in Rabbit Town" (Mercury), "Underground Train" (Young People's), and "Little Songs on Big Subjects" (Vox).

IT MUST be kept in mind that the field of children's records is new. It grew overnight and, in the rush of producing records, it was inevitable that a good proportion of the output would be inferior. Standards and criteria are just beginning to emerge. Writers who understand children are still few. Only a few record companies employ experienced juvenile editors. Competent children's record reviewers are still scarce. The record companies are mainly interested in producing "commercial" records.

Purchasers can influence the product of the companies if they first learn that they must pick records for their children as carefully as they choose books or as carefully as they select a school. The proper records can be both a source of entertainment and education for the child.

We can, in this short space, mention only a few points to guide the purchaser in avoiding some of the worst mistakes in the selection of records for children. First, and above all, keep in mind the specific child for whom you are buying the record. Even excellent records may fail to appeal to a particular child if they are beyond his level of maturity. Furthermore, even if the record is well within his comprehension, it may not appeal to him because of his specific interests. For example, some children prefer songs to stories, others want stories exclusively. This can easily be determined by observing the child's reaction to a few albums of each type. In any event, listen to a record before you buy it. Judge it on its merits and not on the fact that it is a best seller or that it has an attractive cover.

If you are pleased with a record that you bought or if you are disappointed with it, let your dealer know. Dealers are extremely sensitive to what their customers want and they quickly pass on this information to the manufacturer. In this way, it may be possible to raise the level of a rapidly maturing field.

Philip Eisenberg and Hecky Krasno are the authors of the recently published "A Guide to Children's Records" (Crown) and well known as specialists in the field.

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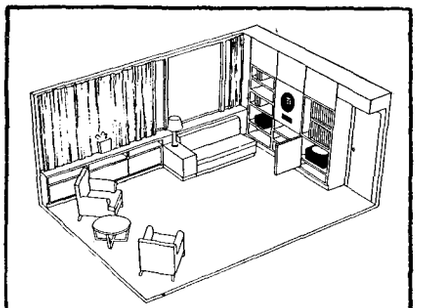

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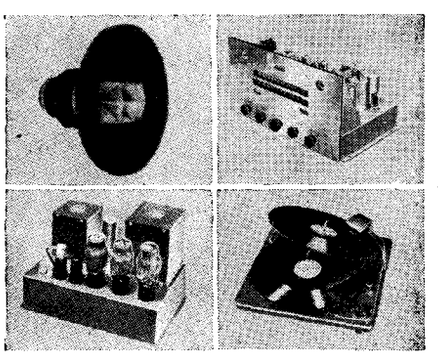

above—*the four elements of the Altec Lansing Home Music System: Duplex speaker, amplifier, AM-FM receiver, and Webster 70 record changer. Built-in Altec Lansing Daylight Television can also be included. Write for the name of the dealer nearest you who will let you hear the incomparable quality of Altec Lansing sound reproduction; once you have heard it, you can never again tolerate anything less than the Altec Lansing Home Music System in your own home.*

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HITS AND MISSES

THE JOYS of popular record reviewing are easy enough to suggest—occasionally it leads to musical delight. The aches and pains of the business call for somewhat more comment. There are three broad categories of aches: (1) the *waste* of sound talent on trifling material; (2) the apparently limitless *dulness* both as to talent and material; (3) musical *horror*. In writing these columns we have tried to ignore the dull: what has the reader done to deserve asphyxiation? But the waste one keeps mentioning in the hope that it may promote a happier use of attractive performers. And the horrifying is occasionally referred to out of a lingering streak of pulpitry. Besides, the real purpose of the department—to point, if possible, the way to delight—is perhaps served here and there by contrast.

Under the heading of waste for December we are emboldened to ask: who would not prefer to hear Pearl Bailey's irresistible power and high spirits applied to "Mr. Jefferson Lord,

Play That Barbershop Chord" rather than this month's routine "I'm Lazy, That's All" and "Say It Simple" (Columbia 38328, 75¢)? Or the lazily infectious voice of Johnny Mercer devoted to "Saloon, Saloon, Saloon" rather than "Winter Wonderland" and "If I Knew Then" (Capitol 15276, 79¢)? We merely mean to imply that, despite the recent rash of revivals, there are still a great many first-class vehicles in which no one is riding.

Horror department. Referring to those solemn souls who objected to his friend Abraham Lincoln's habit of cracking jokes, Robert G. Ingersoll observed that "solemnity is the preface, the prologue, and the index to the cunning or the stupid." Well, the p. p. and i. to the art of musical corn is offered this month in a new album by the enterprise which makes itself available under the title of "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye" (the title, of course, has lent itself to any number of easy parodies such as Lose Faith, Take Heart with Jean-Paul Sartre). The album is called "Dusty Manuscripts" (RCA Victor P228, $4.00), although it is difficult to see what is dusty about such constantly revived numbers as "I Want a Girl (Just Like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad)," "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," "Down Among the Sheltering Palms." It is even harder to imagine the labor of arrangers and musicians being deliberately applied to the production of such whiffling and maudlin effects as appear on these eight sides. Taken separately, they might perhaps be expunged from memory, but it strikes us that gathered together, in all their octagonal ignominy, there is something monumental about them. Like a forty-foot statue of Louella Parsons. Here is a whole catalogue of rhythmic tiddling *à la* Lombardo and coy sentimental duets *à la* Church Social, and there are even three lugubrious "readings" by the Maestro himself, one lovelorn dirge being accompanied by Schubert's Serenade on the organ, while a father's remarks to his son concerning his deceased mother are supported by a funereal rendition of "Waves of the Danube." In the year 1948, even to one fully aware of the comic-book and horror-movie aspects of American civilization, this album must give pause.

We hasten to an antidote in the form of Duke Ellington's excellent revival of "My Honey's Lovin' Arms" (RCA Victor 20-3135, 75¢). In recent years Ellington has trended pretty heavily into the purple and overripe, but there is nothing of that sort here. The grand old tune is served up with easy rhythm, a fine muted trumpet solo, and some robust figures for the brass which have the spontaneous quality we associate with the Ellington band of years ago. It all sounds as though the boys hadn't worried much about putting it together, and we wish we could feel this holiday spirit in more recent Ellington recordings.

The vast public of Frankie Carle will rejoice to hear that he has a new piano album, "Roses in Rhythm" (Columbia C-174, $3.90)—the varieties in the bouquet include Picardy, Wild Irish, Mexicali, Washington Square, and Honeysuckle. Carle plays, as usual, with exemplary cleanness and rhythmic buoyancy, but we continue to find a certain monotony verging on the tinkly. His playing always reminds us that Teddy Wilson's single-finger inventions are much subtler, and that Eddie Heywood's approach to the instrument is much more vigorous and rhythmically incisive. Which is perhaps no way to discuss Frankie Carle, but the three pianists do have a broad stylistic similarity which invites comparison. Eddie Heywood this month offers a handsome new tune, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," in which his own admirable work follows a dispensable vocalist (RCA Victor 20-3012, 75¢).

The suspicion arises that a considerable run is due for a number called "My Darling, My Darling" from the Broadway hit "Where's Charlie?"—a musical version of "Charlie's Aunt." We put the selection down as pleasant if not smashing, and add that at least two good versions are available: by Doris Day and Buddy Clark (Columbia 38353, 75¢) and Eve Young and Jack Lathrop (RCA Victor 20-3187, 75¢).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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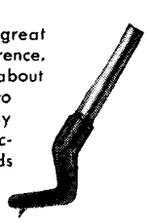

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OPERA ROUNDUP

(Continued from page 55)

Victor 12-0450); and a crooned version by Luigi Infantino, late of the City Center, of the Duke's two big arias from "Rigoletto" (Columbia 17557).

For the Wagnerites, there are new issues of the Rome Narrative from "Tannhäuser" (Set Svanholm) and "Die Frist ist um" (Joel Berglund) from "The Flying Dutchman." Mr. Svanholm, an excellent musician, though dry-voiced singer, brings intensity but little glamor to his work (RCA Victor 12-0528). The older recording by Lauritz Melchior of the same excerpt is much more vital. Mr. Berglund's performance (RCA Victor 12-0532) is a good one, but does not eclipse the memorable recording of this excerpt made by Friedrich Schorr.

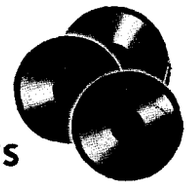
One aria theoretically welcome to the record collector should be Elvira's "Mi tradì" from "Don Giovanni," so often omitted in stage performances of Mozart's opera and one of the noblest pieces in the work. Elizabeth Schwarzkopf of the Vienna Opera sings the recitativo, "In quali eccessi, O Numi," in a strident, Wienerblut Italian that mars the vocal quality. Her accounting of the aria itself is more satisfactory but scarcely a model, while Josef Krips conducts in sentimental vein (Columbia 72640). Felicie Hunni-Mihacek's old Brunswick-Polydor recording of this music, if memory can be trusted, is still the best.

Another Mozart excerpt has been tackled in the current listing by Eleanor Steber, who offers a cool, straightforward, well-sung performance of "Voi che sapete" from "The Marriage of Figaro." Jean Morel provides a distinguished accompaniment. Miss Steber's singing of the Waltz Song from "Roméo et Juliette" on the reverse side is less good. Though competently done it lacks brilliance and the soprano's scales are not always even (RCA Victor 12-0526). Victor might have done better to reissue Galli-Curci's incomparable recording.

Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" also yields a disc by Jussi Bjoerling of the second-act aria, "Ah! lève-toi, soleil," sung with beautiful tone and a minimum of imagination. Mr. Bjoerling is more successful on the reverse side with "Ah! fuyez" from "Manon," in which the lack of interior drama is felt less keenly because of the music's natural surge (RCA Victor 12-0527). Here his fine voice sounds at its best.

Of all these releases, only Miss Albanese's singing of "Adieu, petite table" can be recommended wholeheartedly.

Liberty Music Shops



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BEATRICE LILLIE—Souvenir Album
A-633 3 10" Records $3.11 ☐

GIRL WITH THE THREE BLUE EYES—and other songs—Abe Burrows
A-607 3 10" Records $3.89 ☐

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ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—E. Merman and original cast
A-486 6 10" Records $5.46 ☐

BING CROSBY—Merry Christmas with the Andrew Sisters
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THE YOUNGER SET

DECCA has climbed a long way out on a limb with its sponsorship of Danny Kaye as a Gilbert and Sullivan performer, but it could well be a golden bough. Traditionalists will miss the choral backgrounds, and are likely to take offense at the touched-up orchestrations of Johnny Green, the added verses of Sylvia Fine (Mrs. Kaye). But the zest and humor of Kaye's interpretations, the sparkling clarity of his delivery of the texts are virtues of a high order. (Decca album A 694, $3.)

Kaye's gamut in this collection includes "The Nightmare Song," "If You're Anxious for to Shine," "When First My Old Love I Knew," "In Enterprises of a Martial Kind," and "The Policeman's Song." The last of these, delivered with a masterful Cockney accent, is completely untraditional and wholly amusing. On the other hand, Danny has over-reached himself in "The Moon and I," where his talent for delivering patter is not involved, but his limited voice is. As the album cover notes, this is "Danny Kaye and Gilbert and Sullivan," a combination which spells lively entertainment for the young listeners.

The very young are favored this month by several issues. Outstanding are Anita Mayfield in the "Sing A-Long" series (Disko, KR 11 and 13), records offering easily followed songs in which the listener fills in missing words when the songs are repeated, promoting alertness as it provides entertainment, and Ireene Wicker (in Mercury album MMP 6, $2.36) making the ABC's melodic in "Alphabet Fun from A to Z." She has able assistance from Milton Rettenberg, piano, as well as sound effects supervised by Barney Bick. Speaking of the alphabet we'd like to add our endorsement to the new issue of Dohnànyi's "Variations on a Nursery Theme" reviewed on p. 52. The theme is one that every child knows and the clever elaborations of it are excellently adapted for music appreciation purposes.

Frank Luther and Milton Herth have a gay new version of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" to their credit (Decca 7461-2, $1.25), but there is less to admire in his delivery of "Happy the Harmonica" (Decca CUS 12, $2.10). The story material of Beth Brown is poor, not much better in "Tick Tock House" on the other side. Woodie Guthrie's "Car Songs" (Cub, plastic, 98¢) are also suitable for very young listeners, combining some familiar songs with several newer ones.

For the seven to eleven group, Peter Seeger offers traditional sea songs in a Young People's Record (unbreakable, 415, $1.58) that includes "Cruise of the Bigler," "Johnny Comes Down to Hilo," and "New Bedford Whalers." "Rainy Day," by Tom Glazer (YPR 712, unbreakable, $1.58) deals with the perpetual problem of the weathered-in child, suggesting ways of keeping himself busy until the sun shines again. A promising release which has not yet arrived is a version of "Cinderella" in which Margaret Lockwood, of screen fame, tells the tale in song and story to her daughter. It is a London release selling for $2.25 which will be reviewed next month.

Parents with Columbia attachments for Long Playing records will be interested in some additions to the list of releases. The pairing and prices are as follows: "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Oliver Twist," with Basil Rathbone (4072, LP, $4.85); "Rhumpy the Rhino," with Craig McDonnell, and "Kanky the Concertina" with David Allen (8004, JLP, $2.85); "Many Moons" with John Lansing, and "Eager Piano" with John Larkin (8002, JLP, $2.85); "Nursery Songs," Vols. 1 and 2, with Gene Kelly (8001, JLP, $2.85); and "Goldilocks and the Three Bears," with David Allen, and "Gingerbread Boy" (8003, JLP, $2.85).

—MARIE L. MUTCH.

Christmas Recommendations

ALBUMS

CHRISTMAS CAROLS. Sir Malcolm Sargent directs the Royal Choral Society in fine sonorous performances of familiar carols. (London album 42, $5.)

CHRISTMAS CHIMES. Charles Smart, organ, and Tommy Blades, chimes. (London album 44, $3.15.)

RING OUT CHRISTMAS BELLS. Chimes and Organ (Mercury album A. 60, $4.50.) Instrumental performances, both marred by clangy sounding chimes.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS. Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians, with soloists and glee club, offer a musical version of the Nativity in songs and verses from the Bible. Excellent selection of material and first-rate performance make this an outstanding offering. (Decca album AU 13, $5.)

CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS. Robert Shaw and the Victor Chorale, performing in concert style, and very well too. (RCA Victor album 1077, $5.25.)

CHRISTMAS SONGS. A seasonal greeting from Frank Sinatra to his fans, including both the traditional and the popular material of the Yule. (Columbia album C-167, $3.95.)

SINGLE DISCS

O, COME ALL YE FAITHFUL; SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT. Kathleen Ferrier, with Boyd Neel String Orchestra. (London T 5052, $2.)

ABIDE WITH ME; AWAY IN THE MANGER. Anne Shelton with George Mitchell Choir. (London 10025, 75¢.)

O TANNENBAUM; STILLE NACHT. Franz Winkler Terzett. (London 10026, 75¢.)

LITTLE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM; THE CAROL OF THE LITTLE KING. Ada Alsop. (London 10039, $1.)

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS; WHITE CHRISTMAS. Fred Waring and Glee Club. (Decca 24500, 79¢.)

CAROLS. Allegro Carolers. (Allegro 102, $1.25.)

STORIES AND PLAYS

STORY OF THE NATIVITY. Walter Hampden and supporting cast. (RCA Victor album P 225, $3.15.)

THE BOY WHO SANG FOR THE KING. Dennis Day portraying all characters. (RCA Victor album Y 376, $2.25.)

I LIKE CHRISTMAS; MY NEW YEAR'S WISH FOR YOU. Poems read by Franklin McCormack. (MGM 50009, $1.50.)

THIS IS CHRISTMAS. Ireene Wicker. (Mercury album MMP 7, $2.37.)

As for the "Christmas Carol," perennial and indestructible, the choices include Basil Rathbone (Columbia album 521, $4.75), Ronald Colman (Decca album 290, $3.85), and Lionel Barrymore and Richard Hale (MGM album 16, $3.94).

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Brown, Les: "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm." Columbia, 38324, 75¢.	The familiar Brown style, applied to a Berlin tune which finally makes its appearance in the last chorus. Something livelier is the treatment of "I'm Telling You Sam" ("I'm the Happiest Man Alive") on the reverse, which offers vocalist "Stumpy" Brown (who may or may not be employer Les) in a dialect chore.
Clark, Buddy, and Dinah Shore: "S'Wonderful." Columbia CL 6015, $2.85.	A transfer to LP of a recent album of favorite pop tunes in which each singer has two solos and joins in four duets with the other. Miss Shore's "Just One of Those Things" is notable, as is Clark's "Rosalie," and their "Let's Do It"—a rare version with verse—is equally good. Good singing and good value.
Cohan, George M., Jr.: "Give My Regards to Broadway." RCA Victor album P 227, $4.	Eight songs from the repertory of Cohan's illustrious father, more consequential for the up-to-date recordings of "Little Nelly Kelly," "So Long Mary," "Mary's a Grand Old Name," "Harrigan," and the title song of the album than for the quality of performance. Cohan, Jr., has little more than a famous name and an acute remembrance of his father's manner to justify him. However, what was endearing in the original seems merely affected in the reproduction. Thomas Lender Jones conducts the orchestra and chorus.
Gillespie, Dizzy: "Algo Bueno." RCA Victor 20-3186, 75¢.	Afro-Cuban rhythms, sharply applied by Gillespie's trumpet and his able bongo man. If it's a new sound in dance bands you crave, this is it; otherwise, no. "Minor Walk," another Gillespie original, is more catholic bebop, and just as feeble music.
Davis, Beryl: "Down the Stairs and Out the Door." RCA Victor 20-3036, 75¢.	Miss Davis has probably forgotten, herself, how this tune goes in the months since she made it. She remains a singer of more substantial talents than most of her competitors, but it could hardly be proven by this disc. "Just Once More" is no more original than its title suggests.
Duchow, Lawrence: "More Beer." RCA Victor 20-3227, 75¢.	A hypnotic little number, suitable for beer parlors with juke boxes where a patron reduced to speechlessness can make known his desires by dropping a nickel in the proper slot. Its utility otherwise would seem to be slight.
Herzon, Hal: "Morton Gould's Musical Fantasies." MGM album 31, $4.06.	If Gould had invented this manner (Hal Herzon is a clarinetist who works with trumpet, trombone, piano, bass, and drums) it might be said that he has done better in the past; since it was Ray Scott who did, even that grace is not due to Gould. Need one say more about pieces titled "Robot," "Crinoline and Lace," "Colonial Portrait," and "Prima Donna"? The playing is remarkably polished, but the effort seems hardly warranted. Out of justice to the Gould who wrote "Pavane" we'll say no more.
Lonzo and Oscar: "Watching the Girls Go By." RCA Victor 20-3083, 75¢.	To judge from the quantity of such matter released, there must be a market for hillbilly harlequinades of this order, and we append a note for the benefit of any admirers of "The Winston County Pea Pickers" who may recently have become subscribers. High spirits abound, also a fox-trot beat of magnificent proportions. "Girls" is one of the most polygamous tracts we have recently encountered, probably destined for adoption as its alma mater by Kinsey Prep. "You Won't Do It No More" will be of interest only to Lonzo and Oscar collectors.
Shay, Dorothy: "Comin' Around the Mountain." Columbia album C 171, $3.90.	A new collection of Shayvian commentaries on life, love, and the high price of virtue in time for post-prandial service at Thanksgiving, Michaelmas and St. Swithin's Day—provided something equally potent has preceded, in liquid form. Miss Shay's manner reminds one of Isaac Goldberg's famous definition of diplomacy ("The ability to say the nastiest things in the nicest way") as she memorializes the plight of "Joan of Arkansas," "Why Doesn't Someone Marry Mary Ann," or the girl who was "Pure as Driven Snow." For variety, Miss Shay adds that grand Loesser-Schwartz tune "Love Isn't Born, It's Made." In all she performs with that finesse and sure sense of touch which make her work a text on the art of popular performance. Mitchell Ayres directs the backgrounds just as effectively.

for a

Merry Musical Christmas

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Britten's Carols

SIR: Perhaps this is outside the scope of your LETTERS section, but I don't know where else to ask. To your knowledge, has a complete recording been made of Britten's "Ceremony of Carols"? If not, I think it high time that this situation was rectified.

PETER STETTENHEIM.

Haverford, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *High it is, as English Decca knows. A recording in which Britten participates will appear on the orange label of EDA (also ffrr) ere the snow flies (Alaska not included).*

Mozart No. 37

SIR: If, by any chance, the suggestion in the October BASIC LIBRARY should materialize and result in a recorded performance of Mozart's Symphony No. 37 . . . the "automatic purchasers of Mozart" who would presumably buy it would get gypped. It is generally known (although perhaps not to your reviewer) that except for the slow introduction (which Mozart wrote) the work is by Michael Haydn.

JOHN R. TAYLOR.

Princeton, N. J.

SIR: I would be as pleased as you if a recording of Mozart's 37th Symphony in G were issued. An especially interesting feature of this symphony . . . is that it is by Michael Haydn, younger brother of Joseph. . . . Any attempt on your part to get the 37th performed and recorded would, I'm sure, be welcomed far and wide.

HOWARD HIBBARD.

Madison, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the compiler of* THE BASIC LIBRARY *is also the Editor (and the writer of these comments), he may express surprise that readers Taylor and Hibbard would ask him to include* everything *he knows in those brief comments. It is a reasonable presumption that readers of this journal know such elementary facts about Mozart; as they know that Wagner wrote a concert ending for Gluck's "Iphigenia" Overture, or that Guiraud wrote the recitatives commonly used in Bizet's "Carmen."*

The LP Department

SIR: "Parsifal" is correct: Long Playing discs should not be made the vehicle of forcing a tie-in sale on customers. Why quartets No. 4 of Beethoven and No. 30 of Haydn on LP 4029? It would be as simple to give two Beethoven or two Haydn quartets on one record. May I ask, too, what kind of needle has the Columbia-Philco LP player? Permanent, semi-permanent, sapphire, ruby, metal, etc.? The instructions say only, "Needle will give many hours of superb musical reproduction." What is "many hours"? When should we replace, before it is too late?

J. J. POLAK.

Asheville, N. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Without any brief for Columbia, I cannot see how an arbitrary decision of some kind can be avoided in the LP pairings, unless a work fits into a whole, two-sided ten- or twelve-inch disc. Two Beethoven quartets may appeal to some as less of a "tie-in" than a Beethoven and a Haydn, but if you have a preferable version of Beethoven, say, by the Paganini's on RCA Victor—breaks and all—I don't see how buying it* again *on an LP is a better deal than getting a Haydn you* haven't *got. As for the point, it is an osmium alloy and its life-span is estimated by Columbia as good for at least seventy-five to 100 plays. It can be replaced easily by the user at a cost of* $1.50. *Replacement would be indicated by the usual signs —fuzzy sonorities and distorted tone. I doubt that it could, in any case, do any harm, since the arm is so light.*

Viva "Gurrelieder"

SIR: In view of the current popularity (and profitableness) of the "Songs of the Auvergne," why not suggest to Victor that it reconsider its refusal to reissue the "Gurrelieder"? . . . In the event that Victor should continue in its refusal to reissue "Gurrelieder" it should be willing to release the masters at a reasonable consideration to another manufacturer.

JAMES L. ROGERS.

San Gabriel, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This drastic suggestion is no longer germane, as a reference to this month's* IMPRESSIONS *will confirm. However, it is something our leading manufacturers may well consider for the future: farming out their masters (for a consideration, of course) when they do not think a given cut-out is worth the gamble of a reissue. The risk would all be with the secondary party; and if there were a loss, it would be his to absorb. Profits would be shared, of course.*

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Records Over the Nation

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City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA				
(*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Crosby Classics, Vol. II (C)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	Berlioz Requiem (C)
BERKELEY, CALIF.				
(*Berkeley Music House*)	It's Magic (C)	African Veldt (D)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	Berlioz Requiem (C)
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Ben Light (Tem)	Gypsy Airs (RCA)	Liszt Concerto No. 2 (C)
BOSTON				
(*Boston Music Co.*)	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Jazz at Philharmonic (Clef)	Because (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Crosby Christmas Album (D)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Roses in Rhythm (C)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	Elektra (RCA)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Elektra (RCA)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	It's Magic (C)	Harry James Favorites (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Rodeo (RCA)
DETROIT				
(*Campus Record Shop*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Gomez Guitar Recital (D)	Fauré Pavane (Eng Col)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	My Darling (Cap)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Scheherazade (C)
LOS ANGELES				
(*Birkel-Richardson*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Thais Duet (RCA)	Elektra (RCA)
MEMPHIS				
(*Gage & Co.*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Year Round Favorites (RCA)	Herodiade-Il est doux (RCA)	Pictures at an Exhibition (RCA)
(*Words & Music*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Square Dances (Cap)	Bluebird (RCA)	Coppelia (C)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's Inc.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Song and Dance Man (MGM)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
NASHVILLE				
(*M U Sound System*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	College Medleys (Cap)	Paganini Variations (RCA)	Jerome Kern Album (C)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Oklahoma! (D)	Buxtehude Cantata (RCA)	Elektra (RCA)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Paris Cafe Songs (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Songs of Auvergne (C)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Thais Duet (RCA)	Symphony on French Mountain Air (RCA)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Gene Kelly (MGM)	Mignon arias—DiStefano	Lehar Album (L)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Glenn Miller (RCA)	Polonaise (RCA)	Scheherazade (C)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Felix King (L)	Bachianas (C)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Rabson's*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Reginald Kell (L)	Sensemaya (RCA)	L'Enfant et Les Sortileges (C)
OMAHA				
(*Lyons & Healy, Inc.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Bugs Bunny and the Tortoise (Cap)	Voi lo sapete—Muzio (C)	Mozart Divertimento (M)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Finian's Rainbow (C)	Ave Maria (RCA)	Escales (RCA)
(*The Record Shop*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Carmen Variations (RCA)	Rosenkavalier Suite (C)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Jalousie (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
ROCHESTER				
(*Esler's*)	Buttons and Bows (C)	Woodhull Square Dances (RCA)	Malaguena (C)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
SAN FRANCISCO				
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Al Jolson, Vol. III (D)	Fiddle Faddle (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (RCA)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Music for Romancing (Cap)	Bluebird (RCA)	Grieg Concerto (RCA)
WASHINGTON, D. C.				
(*Brentano's*)	Slow Boat to China (C)	Crosby Classic (C)	Bluebird (RCA)	Hamlet (RCA)

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol D—Decca L—London M—Mercury RCA—Victor Tem—Tempo

Leaders: "Slow Boat to China" was fast enough this month to give some real competition to Dinah Shore's "Buttons and Bows." The latter is the leader among popular singles with sixteen stores reporting, while the China packet carries seven. No distinct trends have been observable for some time among popular albums, and this month is no exception. "Bluebird of Happiness" continues to dominate the classical singles. Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" excerpts and Beecham's "Elektra" recording are tied in the field of classical albums, each with four entries.

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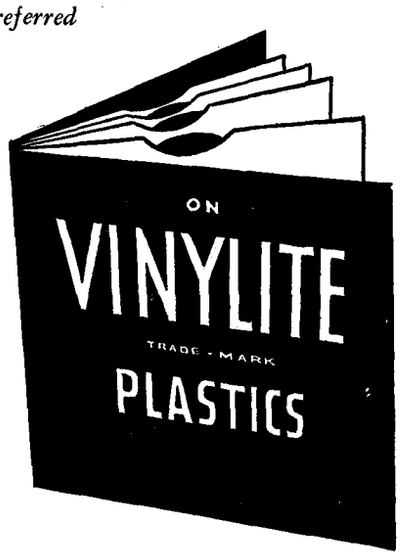

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Some current releases produced on VINYLITE *Plastic*

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G Major for piano and orchestra, Op. 58. Robert Casadesus, Piano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. *Columbia Record ML 4074.*

Campus Favorites, Kay Kyser and his Orchestra. Songs of Yale, Army, Notre Dame, and Wisconsin. *Columbia Record CL 6012.*

"Caprice Viennois" and "The Old Refrain" by Kreisler. Silvertone String Orchestra directed by Glenn Osser. *Silvertone Record No. 226.*

Christmas Carols including: "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "Silent Night," "O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Deck the Hall," "The First Noel," "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," and "Joy to the World." Silvertone Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Henry Weber, WGN Musical Director. *Silvertone Record No. 64.*

"Christmas Eve In A Toy Shop"—Milton Cross, narrator. *Caravan Record C-8.*

"Christmas Story," narrated by Julie Haydon, featuring Children's Opera Company Choir, with music conducted by Al Rickey. The Story of the Nativity, plus Best-Loved Christmas Carols sung by All-Children Choir. *Willida Record WR6.*

"Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins & Orchestra," Bach. Heifetz-Waxman—RCA Victor Chamber Orchestra. *Victor Album DV-23.*

Dvorak: Slavonic Dances arranged by George Szell. The Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor. *Columbia Record ML 2023.*

"Ein Deutsches Requiem," Brahms. Shaw-Pease-Steber RCA Victor Chorale and Symphony Orchestra. *Victor Album DV-20.*

"Garden of Eden," Reading from the Bible—Charles Laughton. *Decca Record DU-15.*

"Let's Go On A Hayride," narrated by Joseph Boley and featuring vocals by The Bell-Aires. *Willida Record WR10.*

"Melody in F" by Rubinstein and "Moment Musical" by Schubert. Silvertone Concert Orchestra conducted by Henry Weber, WGN Musical Director. *Silvertone Record No. 218.*

"Quartet in G Minor, Op. 10," Debussy. The Paganini Quartet. *Victor Album DV-17.*

"S. S. Lollipop," narrated by Joseph Boley and featuring Jeanne Roy and The Bell-Aires. Orchestra conducted by Al Rickey. *Willida Album WR8.*

"Sleep, Baby, Sleep," Frank Luther. *Decca Album CUS-4.*

Sweet and Low—The Charioteers, Orchestra under the direction of Mitchell Ayres. *Columbia Record CL 6014.*

"The Birthday Party for Mother Goose," Dick Brown and Henry Sylvern. *Caravan Record C-10.*

"The Nutcracker Suite" by Tschaikowsky. The Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Henry Weber. *Silvertone Record No. 63.*

"The Song of Christmas," Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Conceived and Orchestrated by Roy Ringwald. *Decca Album DAU-13.*

"Thirty-Three Children's Songs," Frank Luther. *Decca Album CUS-6.*

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